

No. 8

OCTOBER, 1937

Detective COMICS

10¢



DETECTIVE COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

Editor and Publisher

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

F. WHITNEY ELLSWORTH

Associate Editors

Hello, Everybody:-

Here's another issue of DETECTIVE COMICS, chock-full of action-packed stories starring your favorite cartoon heroes.

The thrilling "CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON" comes to a smashing, crashing climax..... SPEED SAUNDERS, in another fast-moving sea story, shows that the Law can be merciful and kind as well as relentless and just.

SLAM BRADLEY proves that he can be just as tough as a bunch of hill-billies----and they're plenty tough!

Larry Steele solves the mystery of the wholesale kidnappings, but finds himself up against a real scrap with a mad scientist, while our friend BUCK MARSHALL again rides the range on the trail of lawlessness.

BLOODHOUND BROWN has to do with a goofy detective who----but go ahead and read the stories for yourself. They've all been drawn especially for this magazine and YOU. We think you'll like 'em.

Cordially,

THE EDITORS

OCTOBER, 1937

VOL. I No. 8

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SPEED SAUNDERS

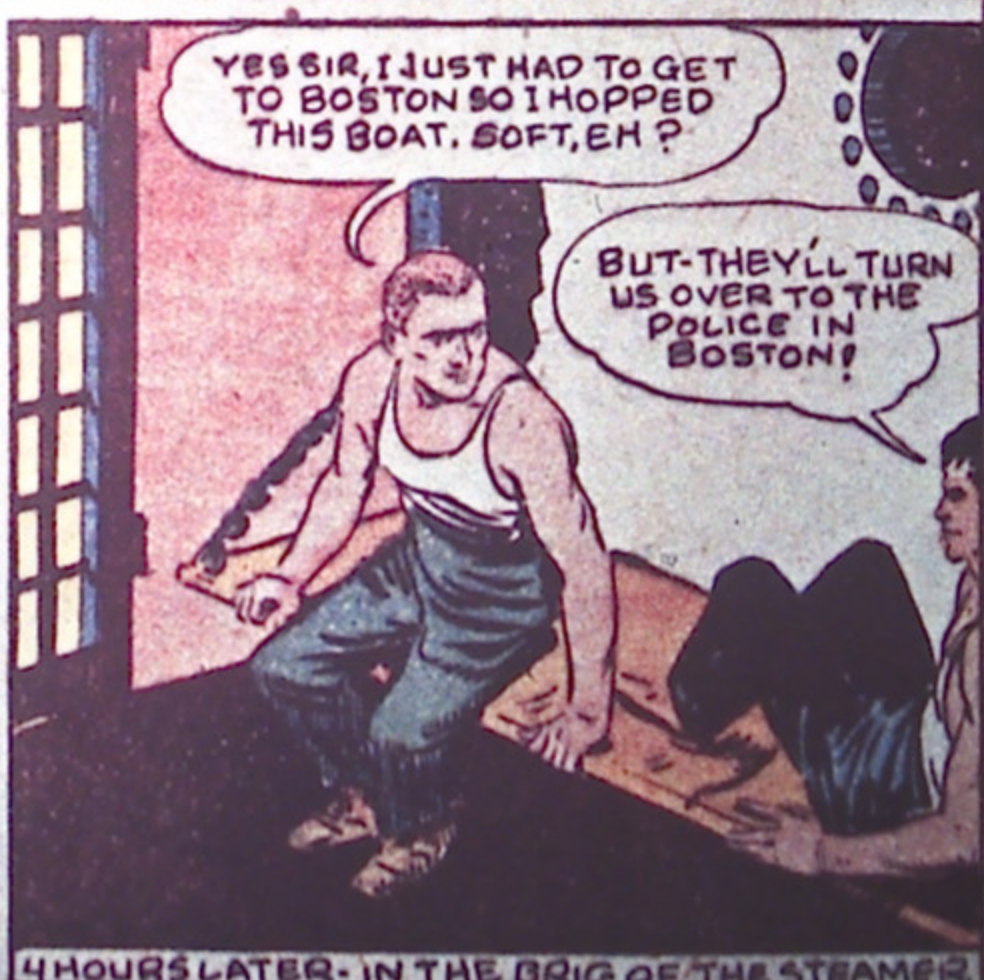
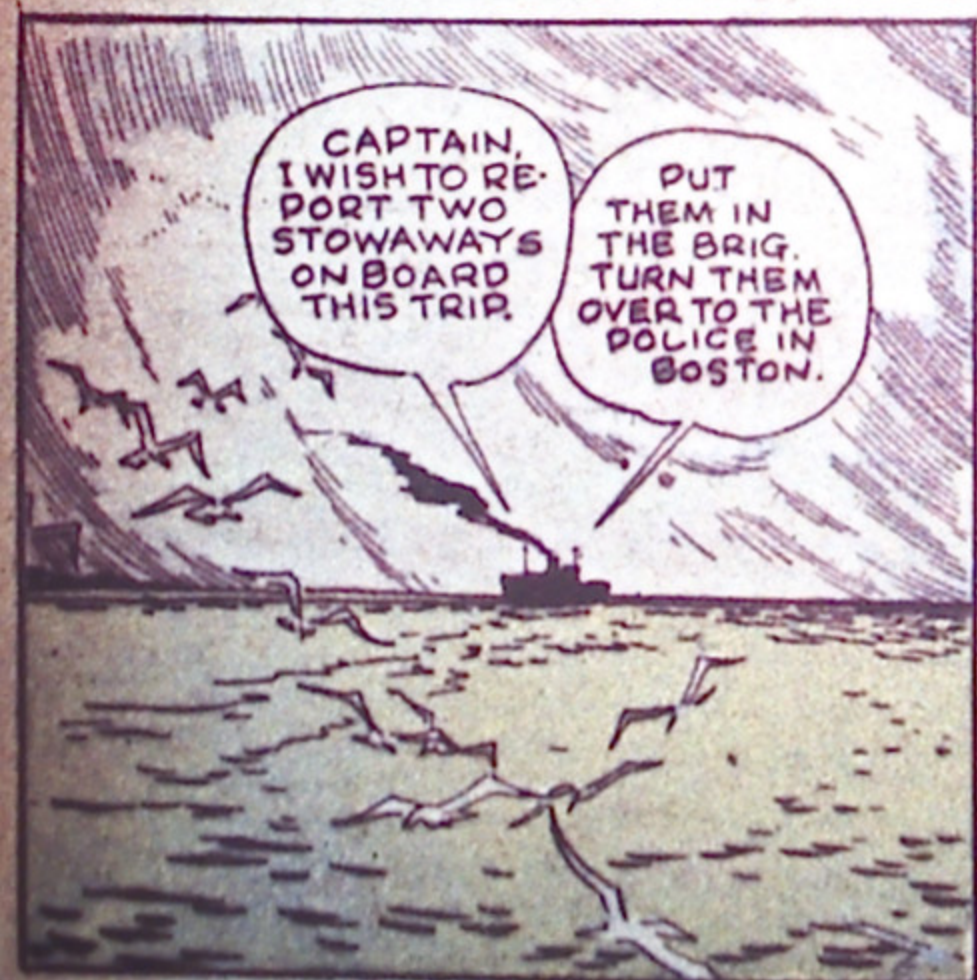
AND THE RIVER PATROL

By FLESS—



FRED DUNN, CONVICT OF SAN SIN JAIL, SERVING A FIVE YEAR TERM FOR GRAND LARCENY, ESCAPES AND BECOMES A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE!





CLIMB ABOARD, YOU LUBBERS!
MAKE IT SNAPPY, THE SKIPPER
IS IN A HURRY!

OKAY - THANKS!

THANKS FOR PICKING US UP,
CAPTAIN. OUR CANOE UPSET
AND SANK! YOU'LL TAKE
US TO SHORE OF COURSE.

CANOE'S TURN
OVER BUT THEY
DON'T SINK! - AND
I'M NOT TAKING
YOU ASHORE!

THIS IS A FISHING BOAT HEADED FOR THE
GRAND BANKS. OUR TIME IS WORTH MONEY!
YOU CAN WORK FOR YOUR PASSAGE.

LISTEN, MUG.
YOU'LL TAKE
US ASHORE
OR ELSE -

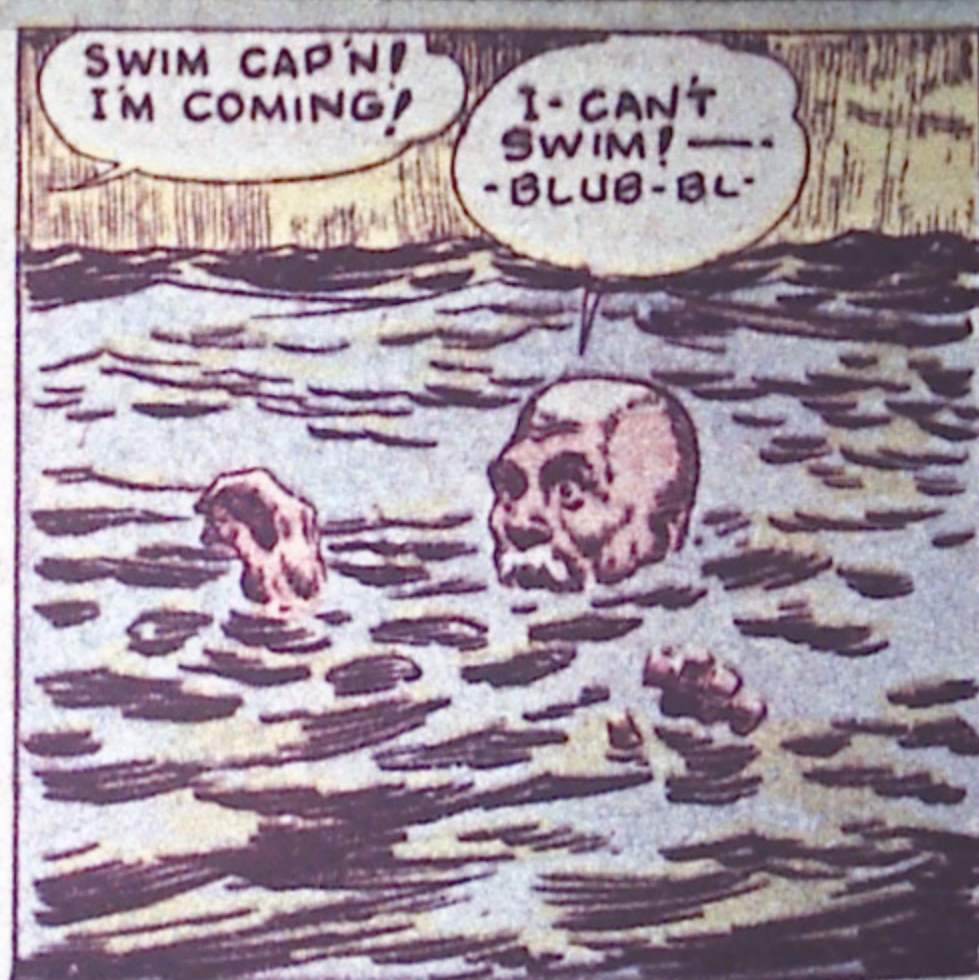
I AM SPEED SAUNDERS OF THE
RIVER POLICE, AND IT IS MY
DUTY TO GET THIS MAN TO
THE POLICE AT ONCE! NOW -
TAKE US TO PORT!

STOW YER
GUFF! WE'RE
A MILE FROM
LAND! I WON'T
TURN BACK!

YOU DOUBLE-
CROSSER - I'LL -

PUT DOWN YORE
HANDS, SON. I'M NOT
A FIGHTIN' MAN!

TAKE ME ASHORE
OR I'LL BEAT
YOUR HEAD OFF!



DUNN, REARED ON NEW YORK'S WATERFRONT IS AN EXCELLENT SWIMMER — QUICKLY DIVES INTO THE ICY SEA AND STRIKES OUT FOR THE FLOUNDERING SKIPPER!!!



THE HALF-DROWNED SKIPPER CLINGS FRANTICALLY TO DUNN AS HE ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE HIM!



CRIPES! HE SAVED THE SKIPPER! — HBY GRAB DUNN, HE'S GOING DOWN!



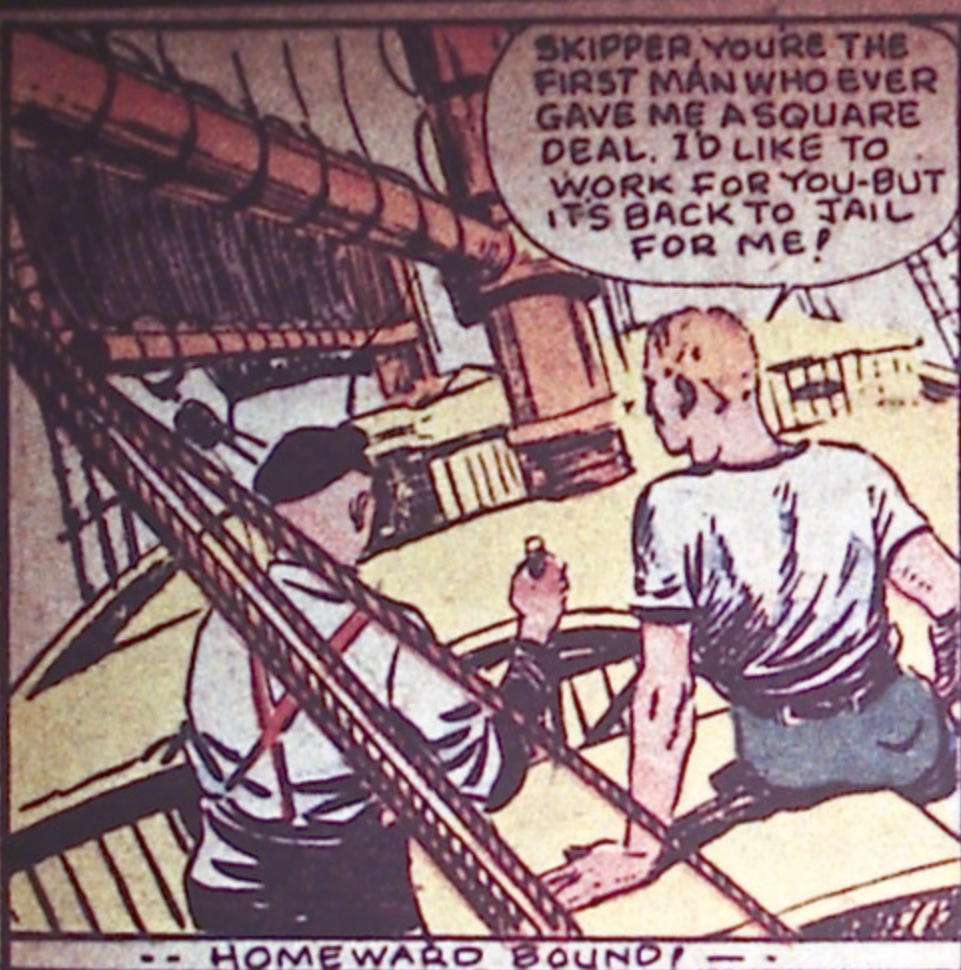
HE'LL PULL THROUGH, SKIPPER. HE'S PLUMB TUCKERED OUT!



YOU SURE ARE MAKING GOOD, DUNN. THE CAPTAIN SAYS YOU'RE ONE OF HIS BEST MEN!

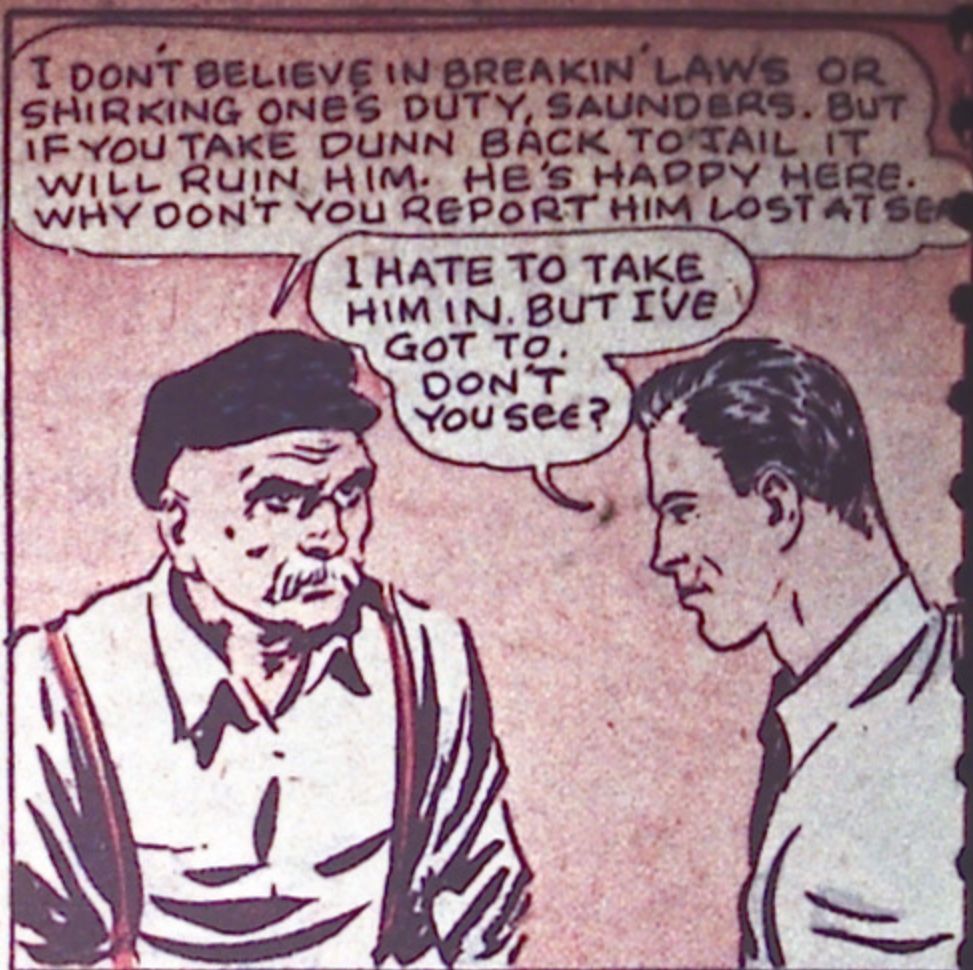
— OH HOOEY! — I LIKE THIS WORK. I'D LIKE TO STAY HERE BUT YOU — KNOW HOW IT IS.





SKIPPER YOU'RE THE FIRST MAN WHO EVER GAVE ME A SQUARE DEAL. I'D LIKE TO WORK FOR YOU-BUT IT'S BACK TO JAIL FOR ME!

-- HOMEWARD BOUND! --



I DON'T BELIEVE IN BREAKIN' LAWS OR SHIRKIN' ONE'S DUTY, SAUNDERS. BUT IF YOU TAKE DUNN BACK TO JAIL IT WILL RUIN HIM. HE'S HAPPY HERE. WHY DON'T YOU REPORT HIM LOST AT SEA?

I HATE TO TAKE HIM IN, BUT I'VE GOT TO. DON'T YOU SEE?



SO THIS IS NEW BEDFORD. LET'S STOP AT THE POST OFFICE! I WANT TO CALL MY BOSS.

WALLES DL HIF



YES, THIS IS INSPECTOR MORAN.-WHO? SAUNDERS! SAY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING? -- -- YOU'VE GOT DUNN -- -- GOOD! -- -- NO, WE DON'T WANT HIM ANYMORE -- NO -- NO. HE WAS CLEARED OF THOSE CHARGES THE DAY AFTER HE SKIPPED THE JAIL! - HE'S FREG NOW!



YES, YOU'RE FREE, DUNN. YOUR RECORD IS CLEAN --

WHAT? - GOSH - THANKS SO LONG I GOTTA SEE THE SKIPPER.



FRED DUNN WENT BACK TO THE HARD ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF THE GRAND BANKS FISHERMEN.- HE BECAME FIRST MATE AND THEN SKIPPER OF HIS SHIP.- THE END -

THE LAW WINS



WHEN THE
KILLER PULLS
THE TRIGGER
HE OFTEN SEALS HIS
OWN DEATH-WARRANT

POLICE BALLISTICS
EXPERTS EXAMINE,
AND PHOTOGRAPH
MICROSCOPICALLY,
THE BULLET TAKEN
FROM THE BODY OF
THE VICTIM



EVERY GUN MAKES TINY MARKS
ON EVERY BULLET IT FIRES, AND
NO TWO GUNS EVER MAKE THE
SAME SORT OF MARKS. GUNS ARE
AS INDIVIDUAL AS FINGERPRINTS.



WHEN DETECTIVES
GET THEIR MAN
— AS THEY ALMOST
ALWAYS DO —
THE MURDER-GUN
ESTABLISHES HIS
GUILT, AGAIN
PROVING THAT

YOU CAN'T
BEAT
THE LAW!

**NIX on Parties...
I'M THROUGH!**



**PHIL MISSED LOTS OF
GOOD TIMES UNTIL...**



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LARRY STEELE PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

LARRY, WORKING WITH THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, IS FOLLOWING HIS ONLY CLUE AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE KIDNAPPERS -- DISGUISED AS A LOAFER, HE IS HANGING OUT AT THE PURPLE DRAGON, NOTORIOUS WATERFRONT DIVE -- HIS CLUE PROVES TO BE A GOOD ONE, FOR ABOUT 3 A.M. HASTINGS, ANDRE DUBOIS BUTLER, WHOM LARRY SUSPECTS, IS JOINED BY DUTCH AND SQUINTY, WHO WE KNOW ARE BOTH IN THE PLOT -- LARRY, PRETENDING DRUNK, LISTENS TO THEIR CONVERSATION FROM THE NEXT TABLE ---

WE GOT OLE' MAN STEELE - THE BOSS IS GOING TO OPERATE TONIGHT - HE NEEDS YOU BOTH FOR LOOKOUTS --



LET'S GET GOING! WE'RE LATE NOW --



WATCH, WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THOSE MUGS! THEY'RE THE ONES!

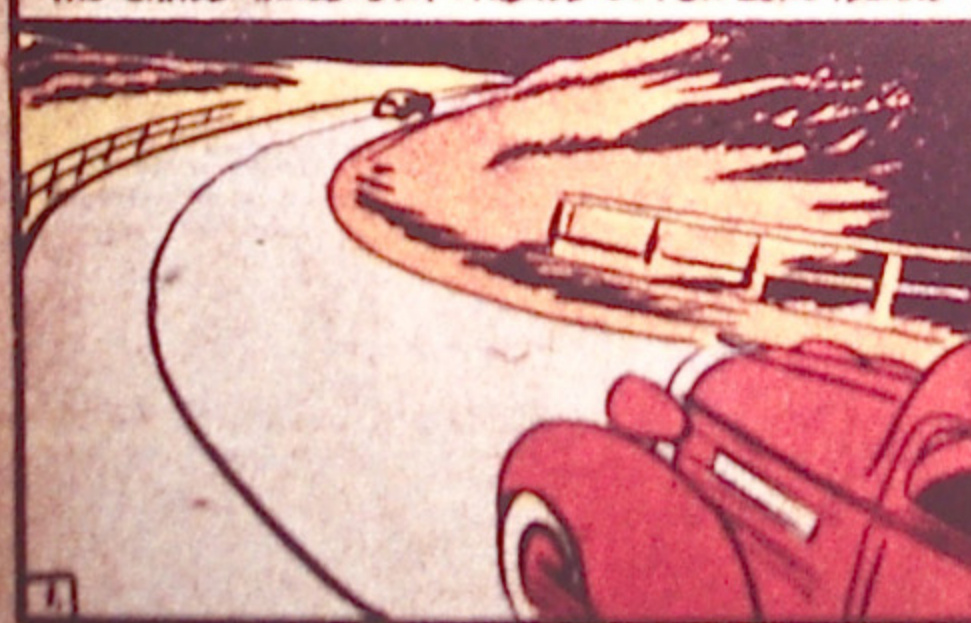


WHAT DID YOU HEAR?

THEY'RE THE KIDNAPPERS SURE ENOUGH! NOW THEY ARE GOING TO LEAD US TO THEIR HIDEOUT!!



THE CHASE TAKES OUR FRIENDS OUT ON LONG ISLAND



THE BANDITS PULL UP AT A DESERTED OLD DOCK --



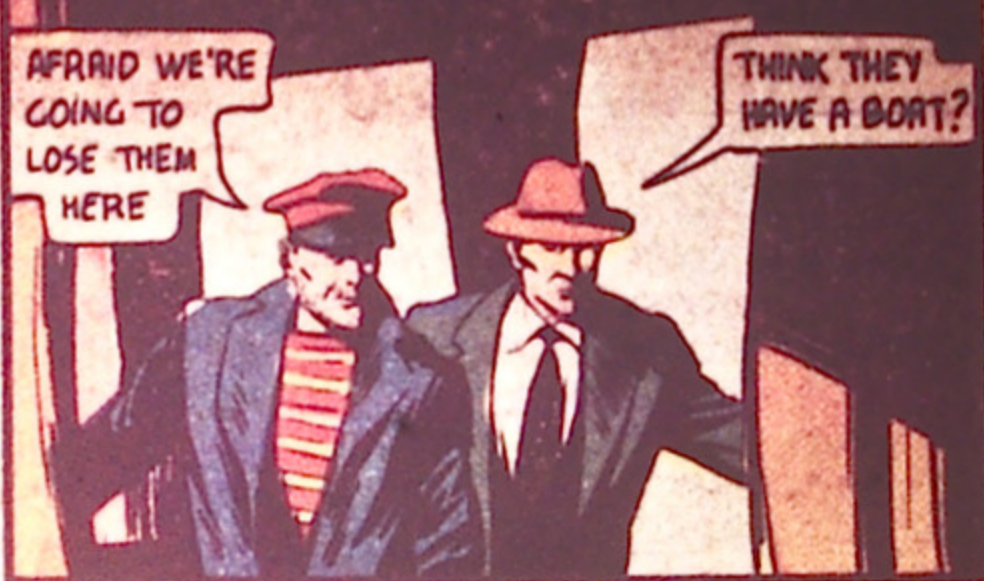
THEY GO BENEATH THE PIER AND WALK ALONG
A HIDDEN CAT WALK --



LARRY AND HATCH FOLLOW AT A SAFE DISTANCE --

AFRAID WE'RE
GOING TO
LOSE THEM
HERE

THINK THEY
HAVE A BOAT?



EXACTLY! THERE
THEY GO!

CLEVER HIDING PLACE
FOR THAT LAUNCH --



COME ON UP!
WE MUST TRY
AND SEE WHERE
THEY GO!

IT'S TOO FOGGY FOR THAT, BUT
I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE
HEADED FOR--

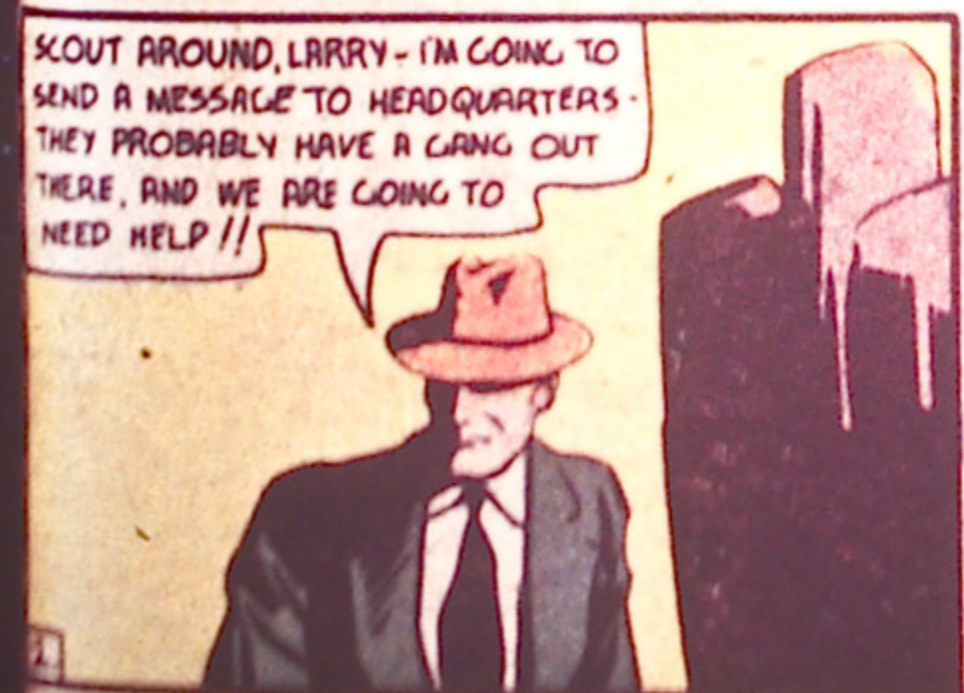


THERE'S A SMALL ISLAND
OUT THERE THAT WAS ONCE
THE BENSON ESTATE - IT'S
BEEN DESERTED FOR QUITE
SOMETIME - IT WOULD MAKE
A PERFECT HIDEOUT --

LET'S GET A BOAT AND GET
OUT THERE - WE HAVEN'T
A MINUTE TO LOSE!



SCOUT AROUND, LARRY - I'M GOING TO
SEND A MESSAGE TO HEADQUARTERS -
THEY PROBABLY HAVE A GANG OUT
THERE, AND WE ARE GOING TO
NEED HELP !!



BACK ALREADY? THIS
IS THE BEST I COULD DO -
I HOPE IT GETS US THERE -

THE G-MEN ARE ON THE WAY
IN PATROL BOATS - I ALSO
FIXED THE CAR SO THOSE
MUGS WILL HAVE A SWEET
TIME GETTING IT TO GO!



WE'RE NEARING THE ISLAND -
TAKE IT EASY NOW --

HAVE YOUR
GUN READY



HERE'S THEIR BOAT --
FUNNY NO ONE'S ON GUARD -

THEY PROBABLY THINK
THEY'RE SAFE -



DOWN, HATCH! SOMEONE'S FIRING AT
US WITH A SILENCED GUN !!



STAY HERE AND DON'T SHOOT UNLESS
YOU HAVE TO - I'M GOING TO TRY AND
GET AROUND BEHIND THAT SNIPER!

GOOD LUCK!



LARRY CIRCLES KEEPING LOW AND FINALLY SPOTS HIS MAN -



AS LARRY IS ALMOST UPON HIM, HE TURNS -- TOO LATE
TO SHOOT, THEY GRAPPLE WITH EACH OTHER ---



AS HATCH
RUSHES IN,
LARRY BRINGS
HIS GUN
DOWN ON THE
THUG'S HEAD
WITH A
SICKENING
CRACK



THE MAN GOES UNCONSCIOUS AND TOPPLES OFF THE
PIER INTO THE MURKY WATERS OF THE SOUND--



HE'S NOT GOING
TO COME UP!

GOOD WORK, FELLA--
LET'S GET GOING



HERE'S THE OLD MANSION--
TEN TO ONE THEY'RE IN HERE--

WE'LL TAKE A LOOK--
I DON'T SEE ANY LIGHTS--



COME ON
OLD MAN--

I'M WITH
YOU--



HATCH, I SMELL
CHEMICALS--DON'T YOU?

I DO--LET'S FOLLOW
OUR NOSES



IT LEADS TO
THE CELLAR

EASY! I
HEAR VOICES!



OUR FRIENDS DESCEND A DANK SMELLING, ANCIENT
STAIRWAY--



THEY COME TO THE BOTTOM AND PEER THRU A
PARTLY OPEN DOOR--



THE SIGHT THAT MEETS THEIR EYES IS INDEED A FANTASTIC AND HORRIBLE ONE ---



IT'S HORRIBLE!
WHAT CAN
IT MEAN?

THOSE MEN ON THE OPERATING
TABLE- WESTON, RILEY, DU BOIS,
AND MY FATHER! WHAT HAS
HE DONE TO THEM !!



THEN THIS IS WHERE
THOSE MEN HAVE
DISAPPEARED TO-

HE MUST BE SOME MAD
SCIENTIST TRYING TO
EXPERIMENT WITH HUMAN
GUINEA PIGS!



THE "PATIENTS"
ARE READY
DOCTOR --

VERY WELL, HASTINGS - NOW,
GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE ABOUT
TO SEE A MIRACLE BEFORE
YOUR VERY EYES-



LISTEN, DOC, THIS
GIVES ME THE
CREEPS! YOU SAY
THOSE MEN ARE
TEMPORARILY DEAD,
BUT YOU CAN
BRING THEM
BACK TO LIFE?

I DON'T MIND CROAKIN' A GUY,
BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH! GIVE US
OUR DOUGH AND LET US GET
OUT OF HERE!



NOT UNTIL YOUR WORK
IS DONE! NOW LET ME
PLAIN - THESE MEN
ARE UNCONSCIOUS- THEY
DON'T FEEL NO PAIN - THAT
IS POSSIBLE BECAUSE OF
MY OWN ANESTHETIC,
WHICH I HAVE
ADMINISTERED



NOW I SHALL DISSECT
THESE SPECIMENS AND
RE-ASSEMBLE THEM,
CREATING ONE
PERFECT MAN!



I HAVE WAITED
YEARS FOR THIS
OPPORTUNITY - AT LAST
I AM READY WITH
MY FOUR PERFECT
SPECIMENS --
JOHNNIE WESTON'S
WELL DEVELOPED
LEGS ---



-- THE PERFECT MASCULINE
FEATURES OF ANDRE DU BOIS --



THE SUPERB PHYSIQUE
OF THE PRIZE FIGHTER RILEY --



-- AND FINALLY - THE
BRAIN OF THE NOTED
PSYCHOLOGIST MR.
STEELE - THUS CREATING
A PERFECT MAN



THIS IS HORRIBLE!
UNBELIEVABLE!
HOW CAN WE
STOP HIM?



YOU CAN'T STOP HIM --
NO ONE SHALL -- 'THOUGH
HE DOESN'T KNOW IT,
HE IS DOING THIS
EXPERIMENT FOR ME!
WHEN HE IS DONE, THE
PERFECT MAN WILL
BELONG TO ME !!



- CONTINUED -

COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



1 COSMO HEARS THE RADIO NEWS OF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE EMINENT SCIENTIST, CARL HUNTLEY.



2 GREATLY INTERESTED, COSMO FOLLOWS THE TAILS IN THE EVENING PAPERS.



3 A FEW NIGHTS LATER AN AUTO DRIVES UP TO A DESERTED YARD NEAR THE BARKER STREET MORGUE.



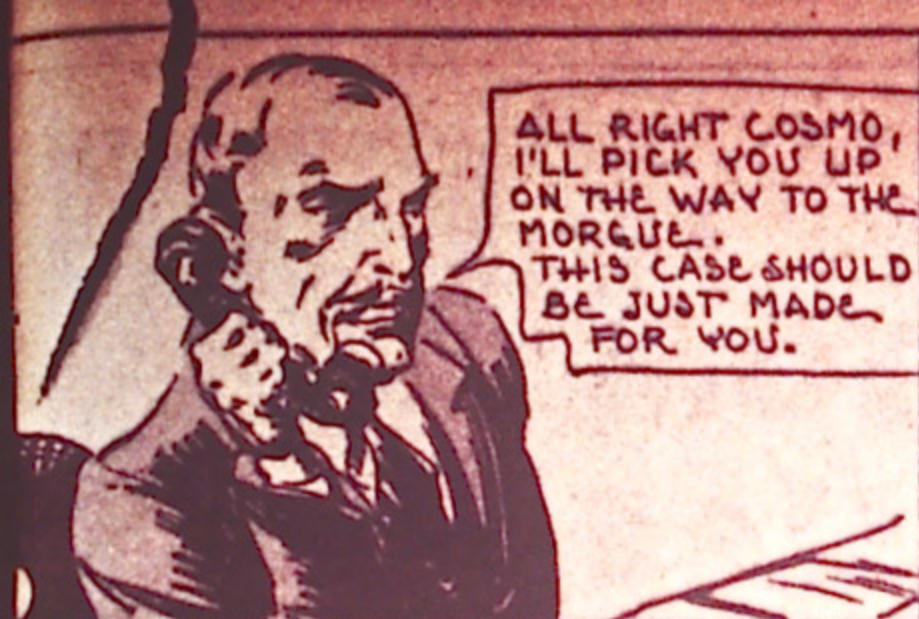
4 AN OVERHEAD MOON DISCLOSES SEVERAL BODIES LAID OUT ON SLABS INSIDE THE BUILDING.



5 THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR PICKS UP ONE OF THE BODIES, AND THROWING IT OVER HIS SHOULDER GOES OUT THRU AN OPENED WINDOW AND TO THE WAITING CAR AND SPEEDS AWAY.

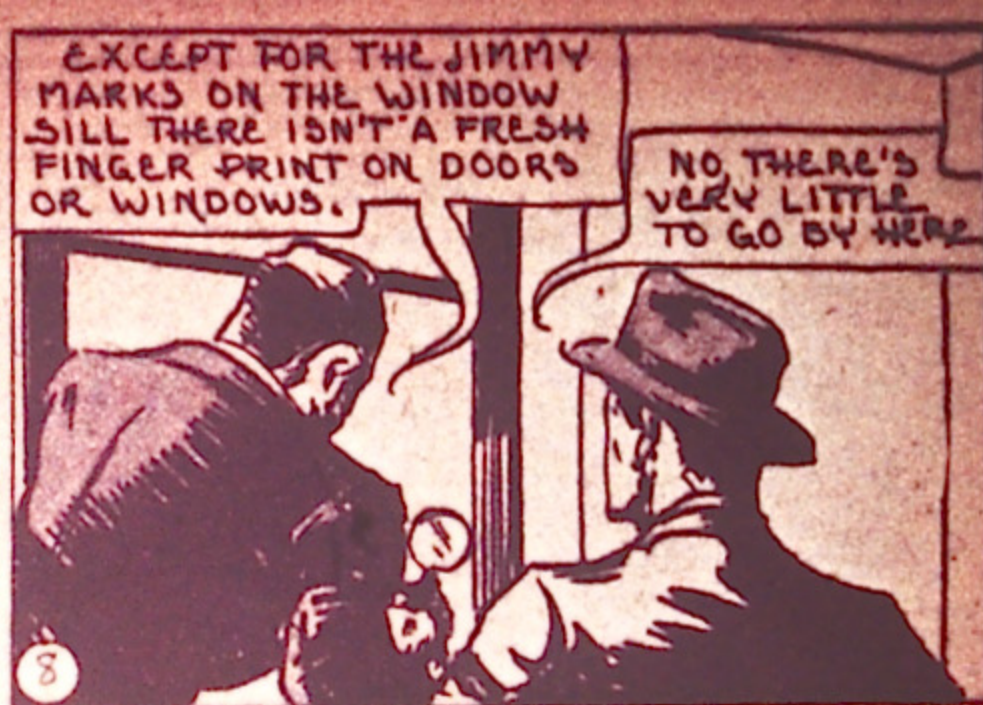


6 NEXT MORNING THE CARETAKER OF THE MORGUE REPORTS THE THEFT, THE FOURTH IN A RECENT SERIES OF BODY-SNATCHINGS FROM MORGUES.



ALL RIGHT COSMO,
I'LL PICK YOU UP
ON THE WAY TO THE
MORQUE.
THIS CASE SHOULD
BE JUST MADE
FOR YOU.

THE POLICE INSPECTOR IN TURN CALLS COSMO
AND TOGETHER THEY DRIVE TO THE MORQUE.



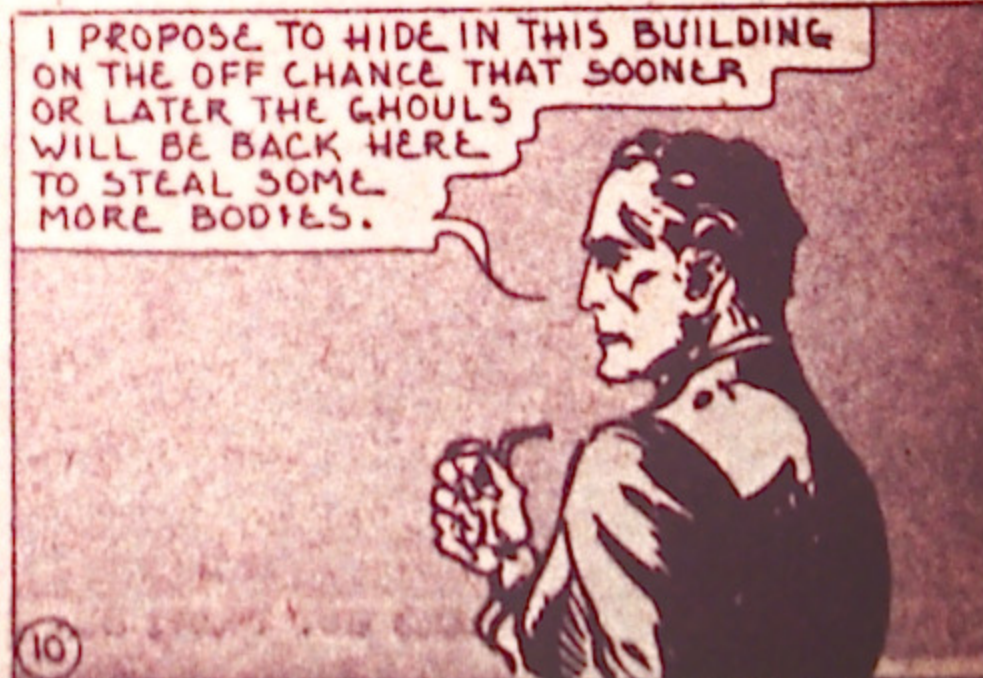
EXCEPT FOR THE JIMMY
MARKS ON THE WINDOW
SILL THERE ISN'T A FRESH
FINGER PRINT ON DOORS
OR WINDOWS.

NO, THERE'S
VERY LITTLE
TO GO BY HERE

SEEING THIS IS THE FOURTH THEFT
ALREADY I SUSPECT THERE'LL BE MORE--
WHY NOT CLOSE THE OTHER MORQUES
FOR THE TIME BEING AND MOVE ALL
THE BODIES OVER HERE?



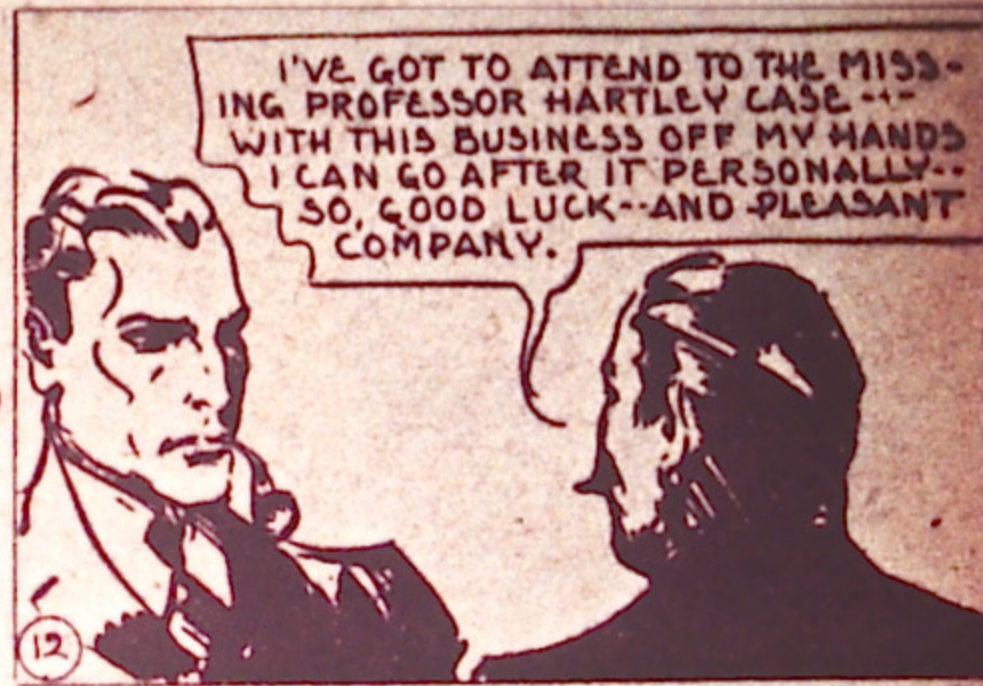
WELL BUT
WHAT'S THE
POINT?



I PROPOSE TO HIDE IN THIS BUILDING
ON THE OFF CHANCE THAT SOONER
OR LATER THE GHOULS
WILL BE BACK HERE
TO STEAL SOME
MORE BODIES.



WELL THERE'S NO HARM IN TRYING
IT IF YOU LIKE. PERSONALLY, I DON'T
CARE FOR THE KIND OF
COMPANIONS YOU'LL
BE KEEPING.



I'VE GOT TO ATTEND TO THE MISS-
ING PROFESSOR HARTLEY CASE--
WITH THIS BUSINESS OFF MY HANDS
I CAN GO AFTER IT PERSONALLY--
SO, GOOD LUCK--AND PLEASANT
COMPANY.



THE NEXT DAY THE BODIES FROM THE OTHER
MORQUES ARE TRANSFERRED TO BARKER STREET.



COSMO TAKES UP HIS VIGIL IN THE DEATH-
CHAMBER.



15
A BIT PAST TWO IN THE MORNING OF THE SECOND NIGHT, COSMO IS AROUSED BY A FAINT SOUND NEARBY.



16
A WINDOW IS BEING CAREFULLY OPENED IN THE ADJOINING ROOM.



17
CAUTIOUSLY COSMO PEERS OUT FROM BEHIND A CASE.



18
THE FIGURE OF A MAN IS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE WINDOW.



19
WALKING FROM TABLE TO TABLE HE LIFTS THE SHEETS FROM THE BODIES AND CAREFULLY EXAMINES THE CORPSES.



20
APPARENTLY SATISFIED WITH ONE PARTICULAR BODY THE FIGURE HEAVES IT TO HIS SHOULDER AND SLIPS OUT THRU THE OPENED WINDOW.



21
COSMO STEALTHILY FOLLOWS, DETERMINED TO FIND THE LAIR OF THE GHOULS.



THE THIEF PLACES THE BODY IN THE WAITING AUTO AND SPEEDS AWAY.



23

QUICKLY LEAPING INTO HIS OWN CAR, COSMO PROCEEDS TO TRAIL HIS QUARRY.



THEY PASS THRU THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY AND TEN MINUTES LATER ARE SPEEDING OVER THE COUNTRY SIDE.



25

THE FIRST CAR FINALLY SLOWS DOWN AT A CROSS-ROADS AND TURNS TO THE RIGHT. COSMO STILL FOLLOWS.



ANOTHER TEN MINUTES AND THE CAR IN FRONT SLOWS DOWN AGAIN AND TURNS INTO THE DRIVEWAY OF A LARGE, RAMBLING FARM HOUSE.



THE MAN JUMPS OUT, PICKS UP THE BODY AND CARRIES IT UP TOWARD THE HOUSE.



28

COSMO REMAINS A SAFE DISTANCE IN THE BACKGROUND LEST HE BE DETECTED.



29

LEAVING HIS CAR, COSMO CAREFULLY STEALS UP TO THE BUILDING.



30

SILENTLY HE EASES UP TO A WINDOW AND PEERS IN. ALL IS DARK.



31

SUDDENLY A LIGHT APPEARS. THE FIGURE WALKS DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR TOWARD THE REAR OF THE BUILDING.



32

COSMO NOISELESSLY RAISES THE WINDOW AND SOFTLY ENTERS.



33

QUIETLY HE FOLLOWS HIS MAN WHO OPENS A DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL.



34

IT IS A HUGE ROOM EQUIPPED WITH STRANGE MECHANICAL DEVICES OF A SUPER-LABORATORY.



35

AS THE MAN TURNS HIS HEAD, COSMO, FROM HIS HIDING PLACE IS ASTONISHED TO RECOGNIZE THE MISSING PROFESSOR, CARL HUNTLEY.



36

THE SCIENTIST OPENS A CABINET AND PULLS OUT A TABLE UPON WHICH LIES A DEAD BODY.



37

HE PLACES THE BODY UNDER A COMPLICATED APPARATUS, ADJUSTING AND FOCUSING A LOT OF LIGHTS AND GADGETS.



BEADS OF PERSPIRATION STANDS OUT ON THE MAN'S BROW AS HE BENDS OVER HIS GRUING OCCUPATION.



COSMO STEPS FROM HIS PLACE OF HIDING AND GENTLY CALLS TO THE SCIENTIST.



THE PROFESSOR WHEELS ABOUT, TERROR-STRICKEN.



QUICKLY HARTLEY GRABS A TUBE OF LIQUID AND DASHES IT TO THE FLOOR. FLAMES LEAP UP ALL AROUND--- THE SCIENTIST FALLS TO THE FLOOR IN A DEAD FAINT.



COSMO CARRIES THE ELDERLY MAN OUT OF THE NOW FLAMING BUILDING.



WATER IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM THE PROFESSOR GAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND HIS SANITY.



I WOULD NEVER HAVE THOUGHT THESE TWO CASES WERE CONNECTED.



by
Tom Hickey

THE CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON

SYNOPSIS

DRUCE NELSON, SIGRID VON HOLTZENDORFF AND HER FATHER ARE CAPTIVES OF THE RUTHLESS CHINESE, LU GONG. AT TEN O'CLOCK SIGRID IS TO BE SLOWLY DISMANTLED BEFORE THEIR EYES AS PUNISHMENT FOR THE SUPPOSED THEFT OF THE SACRED RED JADE DRAGON BY VON HOLTZENDORFF IN CHINA. NELSON IS TIED TO A COT IN THE ATTIC. HE GLANCES PRACTICALLY AT THE CLOCK. IT IS NOW 9.25 P.M.



1

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD THE SENTRY RETURNED TO THE DOORWAY AND SQUATTED THERE IN SULLEN SILENCE. UNKNOWN TO HIM A SINISTER FIGURE WAS CREEPING UP THE ATTIC STAIRWAY.



3

NELSON MOVED FEVERISHLY IN AN ATTEMPT TO UNLOOSE THE BINDINGS OF HIS ARMS AND ANOTHER WARNING GROWL CAME FROM THE DOORWAY AS THE SENTRY ROSE, CROSSED THE ROOM AND STRUCK HIM HEAVILY ACROSS THE MOUTH WITH HIS OPEN HAND.



F 9

IF I EVER GET OUT OF HERE I'LL KNOCK YOU ALL THE WAY BACK TO SHANGHAI.

NELSON THOUGHT HE HEARD THE CREAK OF THE STAIRS AND GLANCED CURIOUSLY TOWARDS THE DOORWAY. THE SENTRY LOOKED DROWZY AND EVIDENTLY HADN'T HEARD ANYTHING.

IS THIS MORE TROUBLE OR SOME HELP COMING AT LAST?



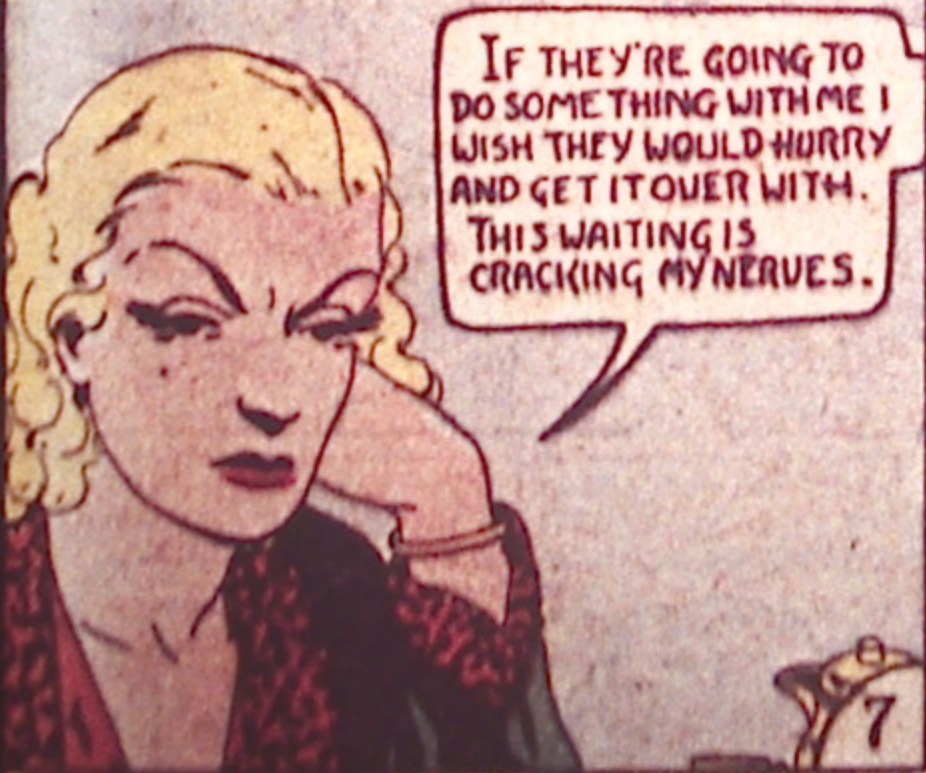
SUDDENLY A YELLOW HAND WITH ITS TALON-LIKE CLAWS
EMERGED ABOUT THE HANDLE OF A RAZOR SHARP HATCHET
CAME INTO VIEW FROM THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE.



THERE WAS A SWIFT FLASH OF POLISHED STEEL, AN
ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE THUDDING SOUND, AND THE
SENTRY LEANED SILENTLY FORWARD AS THOUGH
SUDDENLY GROWN VERY WEARY.



MEANWHILE IN THE LOCKED ROOM WHERE
GRIG VON HOLTZENBORFF SAT BESIDE A TRAY OF
UNTouched RICE CAKES AND TEA



IF THEY'RE GOING TO
DO SOMETHING WITH ME I
WISH THEY WOULD HURRY
AND GET IT OVER WITH.
THIS WAITING IS
CRACKING MY NERVES.

HER FACE BECAME SUDDENLY PALER AS SHE HEARD
FOOTSTEPS COME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE STAIRCASE
AND PAUSE OUTSIDE HER DOOR.



IT LOOKS LIKE I WON'T
HAVE TO WAIT MUCH
LONGER.

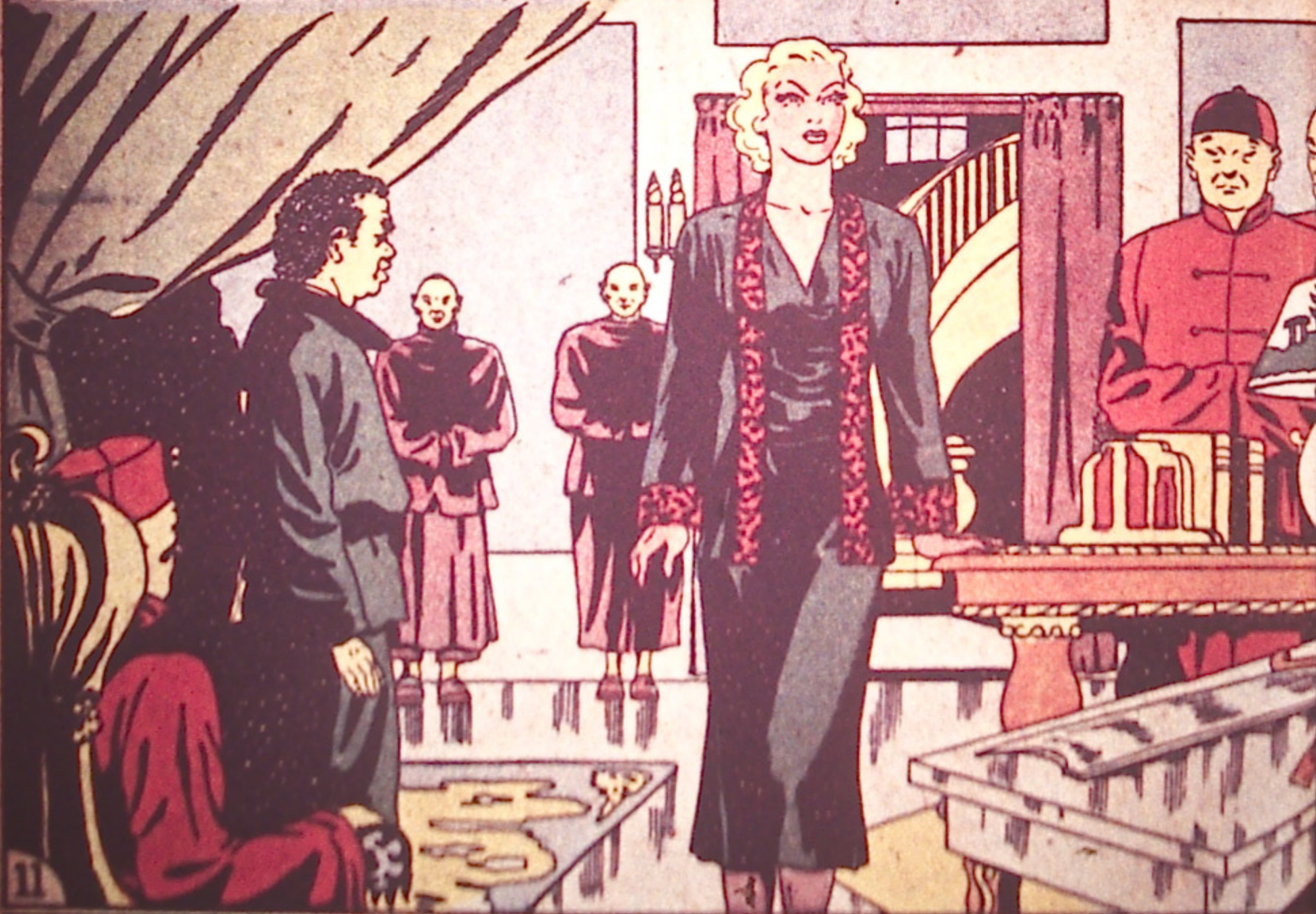
THE KEY WAS INSERTED. CHIN LUNG STRODE IN FOLLOWED
BY THREE OTHER CHINESE. WITHOUT A WORD HE
SIGNIFIED HER TO RISE.



CONCEALING HER FRIGHT AS BEST SHE COULD, SHE
FOLLOWED HER CAPTORS SILENTLY AS THEY LED HER DOWN
THE STAIRS TO THE EXOTICALLY FURNISHED LIBRARY.



SHE STOOD IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM SURROUNDED BY CHINESE WHOSE COLD HARD EYES GLITTERED LIKE SHOE BUTTONS. A CHILL SWEEPED OVER HER AS SHE SAW A BROAD BLADED CHINESE SWORD ON A NEAR BY TABLE.



THERE WAS ONE CHINESE WHOM SHE NOTICED PARTICULARLY, A SLIGHT, ELDERLY, DRY-AS-DUST INDIVIDUAL WHO CARRIED A SILKEN BOUND CASE.



VERY METHODICALLY HE UNTIED THIS AND UNROLLED IT UPON A TABLE TOP, DISCLOSING TO VIEW MANY CURIOUS GLITTERING INSTRUMENTS OF BRIGHT STEEL.



HE FINISHED LAYING OUT THE INSTRUMENTS AND STOOD BEFORE HER. BEFORE SHE REALIZED WHAT HE INTENDED, HE REACHED DOWN AND SEIZED HER HAND IN HIS BONEY GRASP - AND HELD IT IN A GRIP OF STEEL AS HE EXAMINED HER FINGERS.



ATTEMPTING TO JERK THEM AWAY SHE FELT HANDS HARD UPON HER. SILKEN CORDS WERE DRAWN ABOUT HER BODY AND IN A SECOND SHE WAS SECURELY BOUND IN THE CHAIR.



AT THIS POINT SIGRID'S FATHER WAS USHERED INTO THE ROOM. HIS LEFT ARM WAS STRAPPED TO HIS SIDE AND HIS FEET HOBBLING TOGETHER, WHILE A CHINESE GUARD PRODDED HIM ALONG WITH THE POINT OF A NARROW BLADED SPEAR.



SHE WAS OVERCOME WITH FEAR AND HORROR AS REALIZATION BEGAN TO DAWN UPON HER.

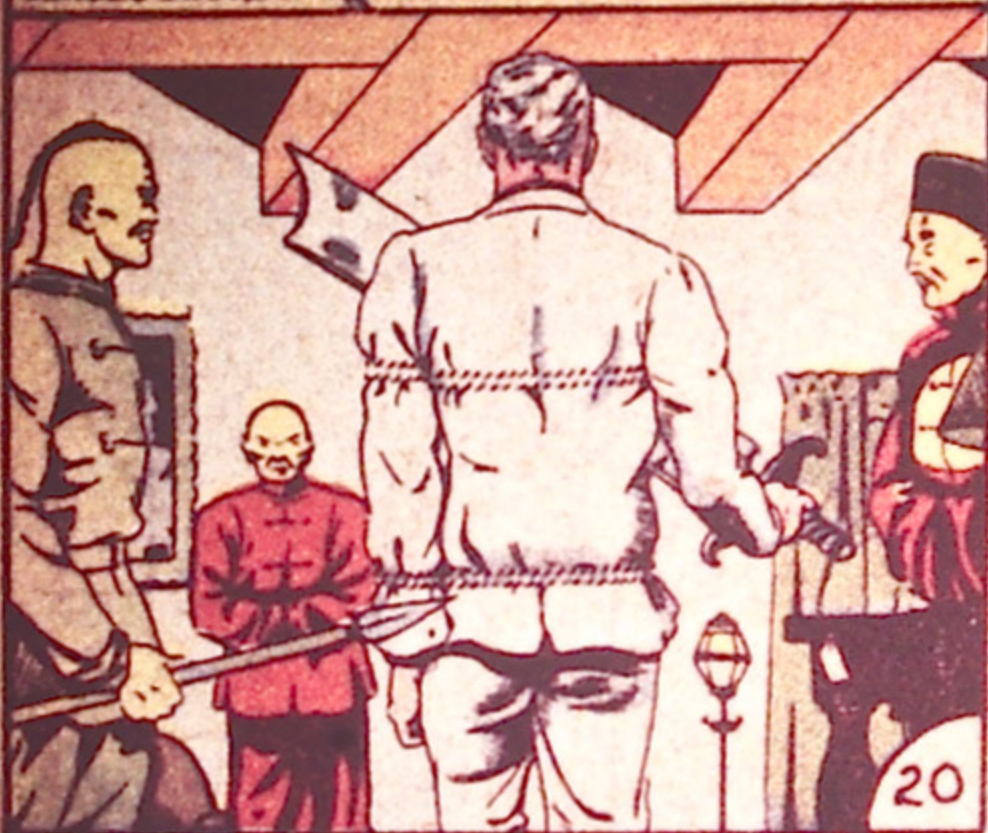
BUT YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. IT ISN'T HUMAN. WHERE ARE YOUR HEARTS?



HIS EYES WERE HAGGARD AND HIS FACE PALE AS HE ENCOUNTERED HER GLANCE. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD HELPLESSLY.



HE WAS PRODDED TO THE TABLE WHERE THE BROAD
BLADED SWORD WAS PLACED IN HIS HAND.



20

THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK MARKED FIVE MINUTES TO
THE HOUR. CHIN LUNG LOOKED UP IMPATIENTLY AT THE DOOR
AS IF EXPECTING SOME ONE ELSE.



21

THE OLD CHINESE WHO LOOKED LIKE A DOCTOR, MOVED
THE SMALL TABLE CONTAINING HIS GLITTERING INSTRUMENTS
TO A POSITION DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE WHITE FACED GIRL.



22

ROLLING BACK HIS SLEEVES HE PICKED OUT AND
TESTED AGAINST HIS THUMB A RAZOR EDGED KNIFE,
ITS SHAPE NOT UNLIKE A CURVED FANG.



23

THE CLOCK MARKED ONE MINUTE OF THE HOUR. CHIN
LUNG RAISED HIS HAND. SIGRID SCREAMED FAINTLY AND
Huddled BACKWARD IN HER CHAIR AS THE DONY CLAW OF
THE OLD CHINESE GRASPED HER BY THE WRIST AND
SPREAD HER FINGERS OUT ON THE TABLE EDGE.



24

CHIN LUNG! I BEG OF
YOU! I'LL GIVE YOU
EVERY CENT I HAVE
IN THE WORLD.

E-E-E-E!



IN LUNG, HIS HAND UPRAISED, GLANCED IMPATIENTLY
THE DOORWAY, THE OLD CHINESE, HIS CURVED KNIFE IN
POINSS, WATCHED FOR THE SIGNAL.



25

VON HOLTZENDORFF GLANCED WILDLY ABOUT HIM AND
GROANED WHEN HE SAW THE MUZZLE OF A SAWED OFF
SHOTGUN TRAINED ON HIM, NOT THREE FEET FROM HIS EAR.



26

EVERY ONE FROZE INTO ATTENTION. A PISTOL SHOT
THROCKED THROUGH THE HALL OUTSIDE.



27



THERE WAS A RUSH OF FEET AND A CLAMOR OF MANY EXCITED VOICES. THE GUARDS AT THE DOOR GAVE BACK BEFORE SOME DANGER.



29

SUDDENLY NELSON STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL IN HIS HAND.



SURPRISED, GENTLEMEN

30

BEHIND HIM PRESSED A CROWD OF GRIM LOOKING CHINESE, SMALLER MEN THESE, IN AMERICAN CLOTHING, AUTOMATICS BARKING FROM THEIR HANDS.



31

LU GONG'S GANG IN THE ROOM FOUGHT BLINDLY TO PULL ASIDE THE WALL HANGINGS WHICH CONCEALED THE WINDOWS AND LITERALLY DIVED OUT INTO THE OPEN TO THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS.



32

THE OLD CHINESE WITH HIS CURVED KNIFE WAS FELL BY A BLOW FROM A HATCHET.



33

NELSON LEAPED TO SIGRID'S SIDE AND CUT THE SILKEN CORDS THAT BOUND HER.



IN A SECOND SHE HAD TOTTERED TO HER FEET AND WAS SOBBING IN HIS ARMS.



SOMEONE UNTIED THE BINDINGS OF VON HOLTZENDORFF. THE TWO MEN CLASPED HANDS OVER THE SHOULDERS OF THE SHEDDING AND THOROUGHLY UNSTRUNG GIRL.



THEIR RESCUERS, THE COMBINED FORCES OF THE ON LEONG AND HIP SING GUNMEN SWEEP THE REMNANTS OF THE CHINESE BAND FROM THE BUILDING, AS RATS ARE DRIVEN OUT OF A BURNING STABLE.



AS QUICKLY AS SIGRID RECOVERED HER POISE, WHICH SHE DID PLUCKILY ENOUGH IN A VERY SHORT TIME, THE THREE OF THEM MOVED TO THE LIBRARY WHERE THEY AWAITED THE FINISH OF THE FIGHT.



YEP! IT'S STILL HERE. I'LL JUST SLIP THIS IN MY POCKET.



THE LEADER OF THE TONG MEN REPORTED BACK TO NELSON.

WE'VE COMPLETELY ROUTED THE GANG, BUT WE CAN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF OLD LU GONG, CHIN LONG, OR STUCCHI.



I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE. - STAY HERE WITH SIGRID, MR. VON HOLTZENDORFF! COME WITH ME, LEE!



HURRYING DOWN TO THE CELLAR HE FOUND AS HE EXPECTED THAT THE CONCEALED DOOR BEHIND THE SWINGING SHELL HAD BEEN LEFT PARTLY AJAR. HE PLUNGED INTO THE CORRIDOR, FOLLOWED BY THE VENGEFUL TONG LEADER.



THEY HURRIED DOWN THE LONG UNDERGROUND PASSAGE WHICH WOUND TOWARDS THE SHORE. EVENTUALLY THEY CAME OUT INSIDE A SMALL BATHING HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

NOTHING HERE!

I DIDN'T EXPECT THERE WOULD BE. COME ON OUT TO THE BEACH.



DARN! - WE'RE TOO LATE. LOOK OUT THERE NEAR THE HORIZON



FAR OUT IN THE WATER THEY SAW A RACING MOTORBOAT, LESSENING RAPIDLY INTO THE DISTANCE UNTIL AT LAST IT COULD ONLY BE SEEN AS A FAINT DOT, LEAVING A WHITE WAKE BEHIND IT.



45

~ LATER ~

THE THREE OF THEM ASSEMBLED AT VON HOLTZENDORFF'S APARTMENT IN THE NEW YORK HOTEL THAT NIGHT.

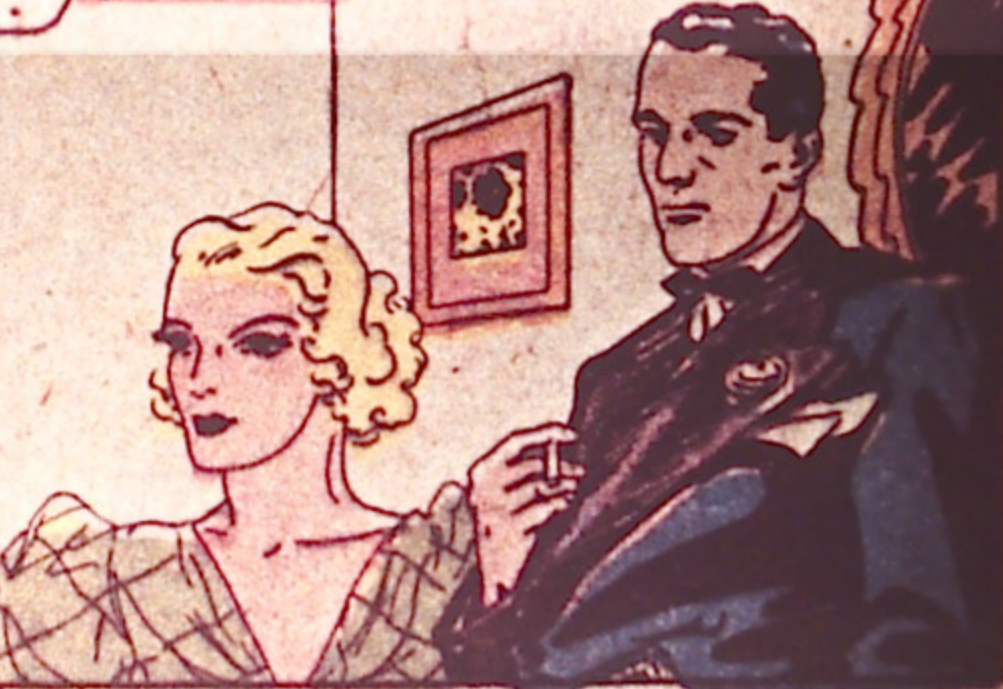


46

BUT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND, NELSON, IS WHY LU GONG AND HIS GANG SHOULD BE SO EXCITED ABOUT THIS ANCIENT PIECE OF JADE. I CAN UNDERSTAND HIS WANTING REVENGE FOR THE THEFT OF AN OLD HEIRLOOM. IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT HAPPENED IN THE WAR.



I'M AFRAID THAT SOME OF MY MEN LOOTED THE SUMMER PALACE. THIS PLAQUE WAS BROUGHT TO ME BY A SOLDIER WHO HAD DROPPED IT AND BROKEN OFF 2 PIECES. THESE 2 PIECES HE HAD FORTUNATELY RECOVERED AND I PLACED THEM IN MY POCKET. THE PLAQUE DID NOT REMAIN IN MY POSSESSION FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FOR IT WAS STOLEN ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I HAVE SEEN IT SINCE. WHAT MAKES LU GONG AND HIS GANG SO CRAZY ABOUT IT?



WELL, IN THE FIRST PLACE, LU GONG IS THE LINEAL DESCENDANT OF THE OLD MONGOL RULERS OF CHINA. HE STOLE THE PLAQUE FROM YOU, BECAUSE IT WAS THE SACRED PIECE OF IMPERIAL JADE. YOU KNOW LU GONG HAS A BIG FOLLOWING IN CHINA AND MONGOLIA AND THE POSSESSION OF THIS PIECE OF JADE, ENORMOUSLY ENHANCED HIS PRESTIGE WITH HIS FOLLOWERS WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO SEE HIM PLACED UPON THE THRONE OF CHINA.



48

THAT'S WHY THE AMERICAN CHINESE AND THESE NEW YORK TONGS, WHO ARE ALL STRONG REPUBLICANS ARE DOWN ON HIM. BUT THE PIECE IS VALUELESS TO HIM UNLESS HE HAD IT IN ITS ENTIRETY, ... LOOK!



49

NELSON TOOK THE PLAQUE AND GENTLY REMOVED THE JADE DRAGON FROM ITS FRAME, TURNING IT UPSIDE DOWN SHOWING THE BACK OF IT COVERED WITH CLEAR, MINUTELY DRAWN CHINESE LETTERING IN VERMILION LETTERS.



50

THIS WRITING IS A LONG AND POETICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE LOST TREASURES OF THE MINGS, THE ANCIENT IMPERIAL RULING HOUSE OF CHINA. ENGRAVED ON EACH OF THE FEET IS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE DESCRIPTION OF THE HIDING PLACE OF THE TREASURE WHICH IS SAID TO BE STILL INTACT AND OF FABULOUS VALUE.



51

AND LU GONG HAS MY RING.

YES, WE HAVE THE PLAQUE COMPLETE, EXCEPT FOR THAT MISSING PART, WITHOUT WHICH THE HIDING PLACE OF THE TREASURE IS INCOMPLETE.



52

BUT WE HAVE SIGRID UNHARMED, AND HER SMALLEST FINGER IS WORTH MORE THAN TONS OF CARVED JADE.

WHY BRUCE! DON'T TELL ME THERE'S A ROMANTIC HEART BENEATH THAT ROUGH EXTERIOR.



53

I COULD TELL YOU MORE THAN THAT
IF I THOUGHT YOU WOULD LISTEN.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WOULDN'T.

A HAPPY ENDING-
LIKE THIS IS MORE
THAN I DARED HOPE FOR.

ENDING? DARLING!
THIS IS JUST THE
BEGINNING FOR US.

~ THE END ~

BEGINING IN THE NEXT ISSUE . . .

THE NEW ADVENTURES
OF
BRUCE NELSON .

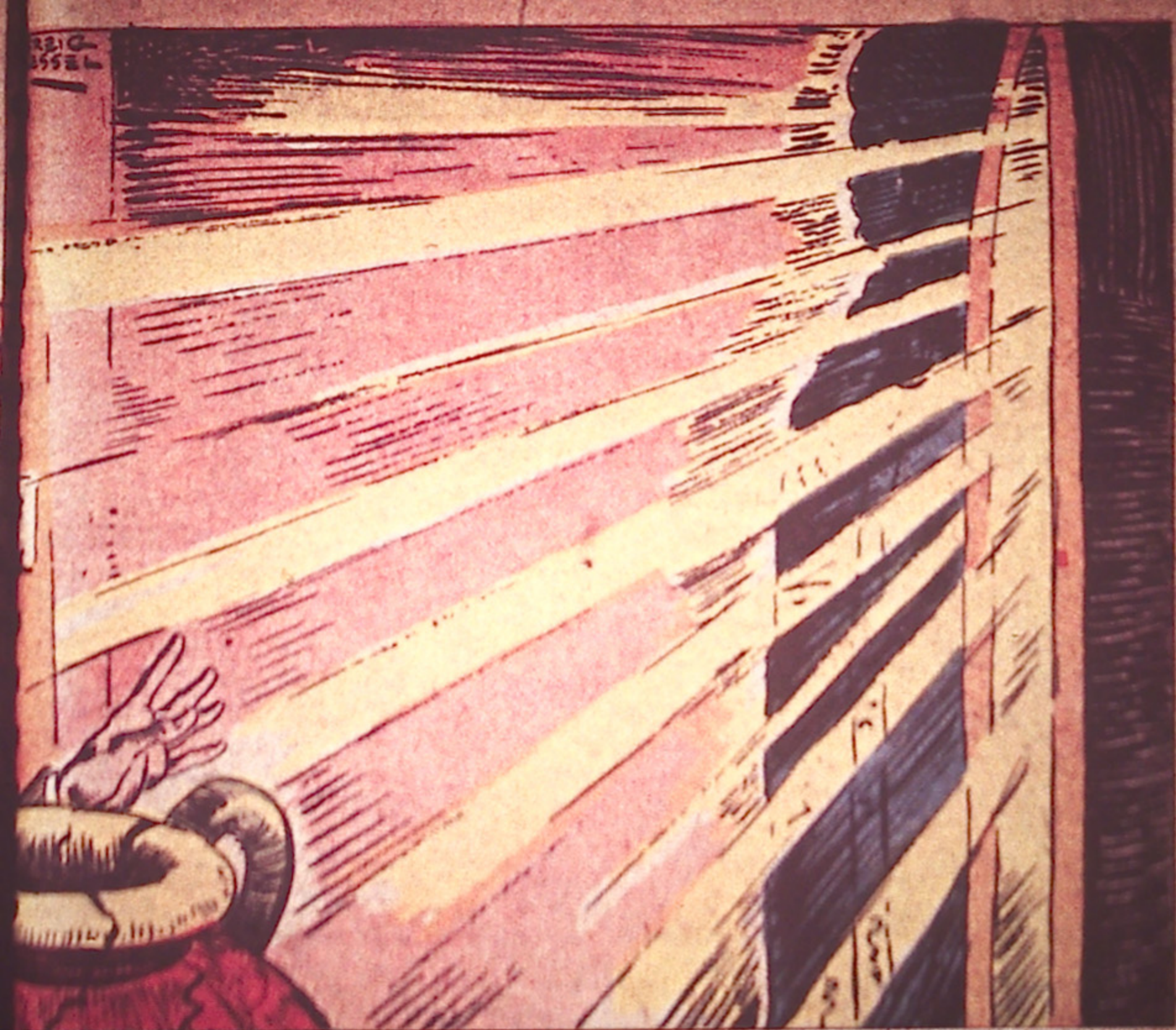
DON'T MISS IT FOLKS.
I'M IN PLENTY OF HOT
WATER AGAIN.



THE LAUGHING MUMMY

by
Paul Dean





THE old man climbed to the third landing and, resting for a moment against the iron railing, puffed vigorously trying to regain his spent breath. There was no doubt about it: Pop Regan was getting old. Pop realized this himself, and neither cursed nor regretted the passing years but merely looked back upon them with a wistful sadness.

"Well," he reflected, rubbing the stiff stubble on his chin, "thirty years in one place is a long time." As a matter of fact it was more than thirty years. For over thirty-two years Pop Regan was night watchman at the City Museum. Night after night, during that long period of time, he had diligently made his rounds through the lengthy corridors of the building, checking the various time-clocks

and satisfying himself that everything was in proper order for the following day's visitors.

Things had remained pretty much the same in the Museum during the past thirty-odd years. Occasionally a few minor changes would be made and time and again new objects of interest would be received to be put on display; sometimes an earthen jar from far-away Greece, or the massive, gray skeleton of a prehistoric beast. Only two weeks ago the Museum officials had acquired a very ancient sarcophagus containing the mummified body of a young Egyptian princess.

"Who knows; some day they may even have me stuffed and placed in one of those glass cases with the rest of the old-timers!" The old man chuckled at his own

joke and shuffled off to the time-clock that hung on the nearby wall.

He registered the time and, turning, proceeded down the long aisle that led to the west wing of the Museum.

Directly ahead was the Egyptian Room; the two closed doors that opened into it were covered with hieroglyphics and other sacred characters of that ancient land.

Halfway down the aisle Pop Regan suddenly halted, surprised.

He peered through his spectacles at the doors and scratched his sparsely covered head.

A thin sliver of light was shining from beneath the huge doors!

"That's funny," he muttered. "They must have left the lights burning in there. Although it's



mighty strange I didn't notice it before!"

HE hurried down the corridor to the doors and placed his ear against them, listening intently.

He thought he heard a sound of some sort from within, but he wasn't sure. He grasped the brass knob and very slowly and carefully put his weight to the door, forcing it inward.

Everything was quiet. Through the partially-open space he could see the cold light of the moon pouring diagonally down from the large window on the side, splashing the glass cases beneath with pools of silvery brightness.

Pop swung the door further and stepped into the room.

He stood there, riveted to the spot, terror-stricken by what he saw!

Beads of perspiration burst from his forehead and trickled down his face. He wanted to cry

out . . . to race away from the room . . . but he was unable to move!

He pressed his hand to his heart and then slowly sank to the marble floor, a strange, rattling sound in his throat.

He remained as he fell . . . dead!

Suddenly there drifted through the room and out into the corridor the soft, tinkling laughter of a woman. It floated down the hall like the clarion notes of a silver bell ringing across the stillness of a lake.

It ended as abruptly as it had begun, and again all was quiet.

AT Police Headquarters, Captain Hammill looked up from his desk as Sergeant Brooks of the Plainclothes Squad entered the room.

"You sent for me, Captain?" asked Brooks.

The Captain eyed the young man before him with approval. "Yes,

Sergeant, I did. I went with the Coroner to look into a little incident that happened up at the Museum last night."

The gray haired Captain lit a huge cigar and leaned back in his chair. "It seems that when they opened the Museum this morning they found the body of the night watchman lying dead on the third floor."

"Perhaps it was heart trouble," ventured Brooks.

"There was no doubt about it," answered the Captain. "But—and this is important—it has been definitely established by the doctors who were assigned to the case that the failure of the poor fellow's heart was preceded and caused by an extraordinary shock of some sort. Just what that shock was, we don't know."

"You don't think being surprised by burglars had anything to do with it?" questioned Brooks.

"No, I don't believe so," Captain Hammill replied. "Whatever

it was that confronted the old man last night must have been horrible and ghastly to see. You could readily appreciate that by taking one look at the expression on his face."

"Sounds rather odd," mused Brooks.

"Well, you always did have an interest in odd things, Sergeant," laughed his superior, "so I'm sending you up there to find out what it's all about. The room at the Museum has been closed off to the public and everything is just as it was when the body was found this morning."

Sergeant Brooks drove leisurely through the city traffic and up the gravel driveway that led to the Museum.

He took the elevator to the third floor and walked down the corridor to the Egyptian Room. A small chain hung across the two huge doors, barring the public from admittance.

Brooks lifted the chain and entered. A police officer was stationed in the room to prevent disturbance of any of the articles. The body of the watchman had since been removed to the morgue.

Brooks' eyes traveled around, noting the display of Egyptian art and pottery. To the left were several long glass cases containing an assortment of ancient jewelry and glassware. On the right were the larger portions of early Egyptian workmanship: earthen jugs and pottery, tablets covered with innumerable hieroglyphics, and row upon row of swords and daggers of various sizes.

A GAINST the far wall were the sarcophaguses and mummies.

Brooks walked over to these and examined them very carefully.

The upright one in the corner, he was informed, reading from the guide book he held in his hand, was that of an Egyptian princess



and had been received by the Museum only two weeks ago.

"These things certainly keep in wonderful condition," he mused, rubbing his hand over the colored surface. He was about to move away when he happened to notice a small quantity of dust deposited at the base of the sarcophagus.

He knelt and examined it closely. It seemed to have fallen from the sarcophagus itself, possibly when it had been opened.

His eye journeyed around the foot of the mummy-case.

And there, directly in back, facing the wall, was a solitary footprint outlined in the same dust that evidently came from the sarcophagus.

"Well! Maybe we're getting somewhere," he reflected, lighting a cigarette.

Brooks left the Egyptian Room and walked down to the Curator's office.

He introduced himself to a Mr. Stone, the man in charge of the Museum.

"Tell me, Mr. Stone," he asked, "has that new sarcophagus ever been opened since you received it here? I mean the one of the mummified Egyptian princess."

"Why yes," replied Stone. "I had it opened right here in my office. We always follow that procedure whenever new articles are sent to the Museum. We must assure ourselves of the authenticity of every piece."

"Then that mummy is really an ancient Egyptian one?" questioned Brooks.



Stone smiled. "There's no doubt about it."

"One thing more, Mr. Stone. Has that new sarcophagus ever been opened since it was placed in the Egyptian Room?"

"No, it has not," answered Stone.

Brooks puffed thoughtfully on his cigarette.

"Have you hired a new night watchman yet, Mr. Stone?" he asked.

"No, not as yet. We intend shifting one of the day guards over to night duty until we select a man."

"That's fine," Brooks said. "Now here's something I'd like you to do for me, Mr. Stone. I want you to arrange to have me take over the duties of the night

alone

He made his first round at ten o'clock, taking particular interest in the Egyptian Room. But everything was undisturbed and he spent the next three hours resting and smoking his briar.

One o'clock came, and he arose to again make his tour of the building.

THE Museum was as quiet as a graveyard. The small electric lights at the end of the corridors glowed faintly, and seemed the more to emphasize the gloom and blackness.

Passing one of the windows on his way up the staircase, Brooks could see the moon rising above the treetops in the nearby park.

He reached the third floor, and

The moon, rising higher in the heavens, sent silvery shafts of cold light through the large window in the wall. The long glass cases to the left were like so many enormous blocks of white metal in the flooding moonlight.

Brooks, crouched against the wall and prepared for whatever might occur, turned his head toward the sarcophagus of the Egyptian princess standing in the corner.

A noise!

There it was again—seeming to grow louder and louder!

It was the voice of a woman—a laughing voice!

Brooks felt his hands become clammy, and beads of perspiration trickled down his face and neck in tiny rivulets.



watchman."

"You!" exclaimed the curator. "Why, have you discovered something?"

"Nothing unusual," Brooks replied. "Only I'd like to satisfy my own curiosity."

"Very well, Sergeant, I'll arrange everything," Stone agreed. "But please—no distasteful publicity."

"Not a word of it," said Brooks, shaking the Curator's hand.

Brooks had his supper that evening and returned to the Museum about seven o'clock. Mr. Stone was there to receive him and instruct him in the not too complicated duties of the night watchman.

The Curator then left, and the detective remained to pass the long hours of the night in the Museum

inserting his key, registered the time on the clock. Then turning, he marched down the long dark hall toward the Egyptian Room.

Suddenly he stopped in his tracks.

The dark figure of a person slid across the floor ahead of him and made for the two huge doors. The unknown trespasser glided into the far room and softly closed the door behind him.

Brooks drew his revolver and proceeded slowly to the doors.

He turned the handle and shoved the heavy woodwork inward. When the opening was large enough to admit him, the detective slipped into the Egyptian Room and closed the door behind him.

He gripped his revolver and waited.

"If this is a nightmare," he said to himself, "let's hope I wake up soon."

The laughter had now become sonorous and floated through the room like a wave of chilling water.

The detective's heart beat faster and cold shivers ran up and down his spine.

Suddenly the sarcophagus seemed to radiate a glowing blue light, and, with a creaking sound, the cover of the mummy-case swung back on its ancient wooden hinges.

AND within the sarcophagus stood the three thousand year old mummy of the Egyptian princess, flaming with a brightness of such intensity that Brooks was forced to cover his eyes!

The tinkling laughter had become like the roar of the ocean and it seemed to flood the detective's ears and beat against his very brain.

Then the laughter ceased sharply and something whistled through the air and struck Brooks on the shoulder. Whatever it was fell to the floor and he felt as if a red hot piece of metal had cut through his clothing and seared his flesh. He put his hand to his shoulder and when he took it away dark red spots dripped to the marble flooring.

Suddenly the shadowy figure the detective had seen in the outside hall raced across the room and apparently melted into the brilliant light emanating from the open mummy-case!

Without hesitation, Brooks dashed after the figure. And as he reached the sarcophagus he thought he heard the closing of a door.

Upon closer inspection he discovered that the mummy-case was lined with large electric bulbs that flooded the interior of the case with an almost unbearable brightness.

He slammed the cover of the sarcophagus shut and pulled it to one side. With the aid of his flash-light he discovered, back of the spot where the mummy-case stood, a large wooden panel.

"So—sliding doors and everything!" the detective muttered to himself, and putting his good shoulder against the panel he gave a mighty heave. There was a scraping sound and the whole thing gave way and opened inward.

Directly inside Brooks could see a small compartment and to the left a tiny flight of stone steps leading down. Stooping, he entered and cautiously descended the stairs.

He reached the bottom without mishap and stood facing a small door.

He gave the door a shove but did not step in. And fortunate he was, for a heavy object of some sort crashed down directly in the entrance. Then the room was flooded with light.

And in the center of the room stood the Curator of the Museum, Mr. Stone!

"Well—this is a surprise!" said Brooks, amazed.



Stone remained rooted to the floor, swaying from side to side, and in his hand he held a huge broadsword. His face glistened with perspiration, and his eyes gleamed at the detective with the expression of a mad dog.

Then suddenly he collapsed into a leather chair behind him, the sword clattering to the floor as it fell from his grasp.

"Don't let them take her—the jewels—they are hers—she needs them—don't let them take her—" Stone was babbling. And then his head fell forward. He had fainted.

Brooks glanced around the room. In the corner stood a phonograph with wires that traveled up-

ward through the ceiling. Beside it was a small, light-controlling system.

"Here's where he staged his little show," Brooks remarked. "And evidently for the benefit of that mummified princess upstairs! I wonder why?"

CAPTAIN Hammill took the glass of water from Mr. Stone's hand and placed it on his desk.

In the corner a police surgeon had just completed bandaging Sergeant Brooks' injured shoulder.

"What do you make of it, Captain?" asked Brooks.

The Captain rubbed his chin. "A peculiar mental case, Sergeant. And one that was nipped in the bud in the nick of time."

Brooks picked up a package of letters. "We found these in Stone's office. The majority of them are threatening notes written by himself and addressed to himself. Most of them refer to some very valuable jewels on display in the Museum, but the last few, those of later date, seem to hinge on the advent and arrival of that new Egyptian mummy."

Captain Hammill opened a box of cigars, offered them around and lit one himself.

"And when the mummified Egyptian princess did come to the Museum," said the Captain. "Mr. Stone took complete possession of it, as one oftentimes does with a small child or a dog. This obsession grew to such a degree that he finally devised and installed in the Museum that ingenious contraption you stumbled on while taking the part of the night watchman."

"Trying to guard against the danger he was threatening himself," added Brooks.

"Exactly," replied the Captain. "A vicious, vicious circle!"

Brooks put on his coat and walked to the door. "Well, that's that! And tomorrow's my day off. So if you happen to need me, Captain, I'll tell you where you won't find me!"

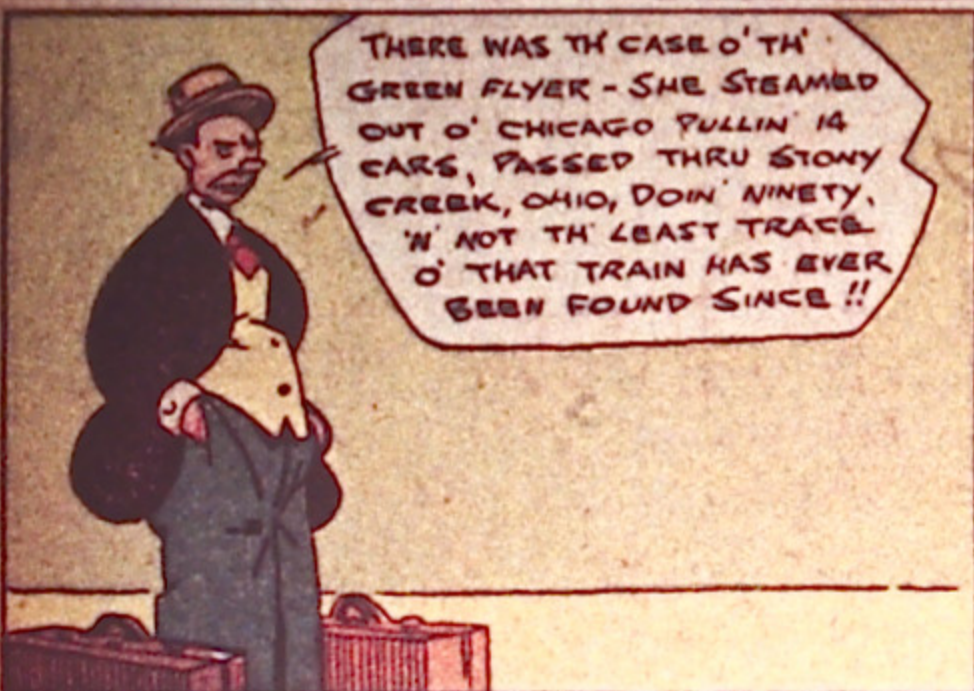
Captain Hammill smiled. "I believe I know, Sergeant!"

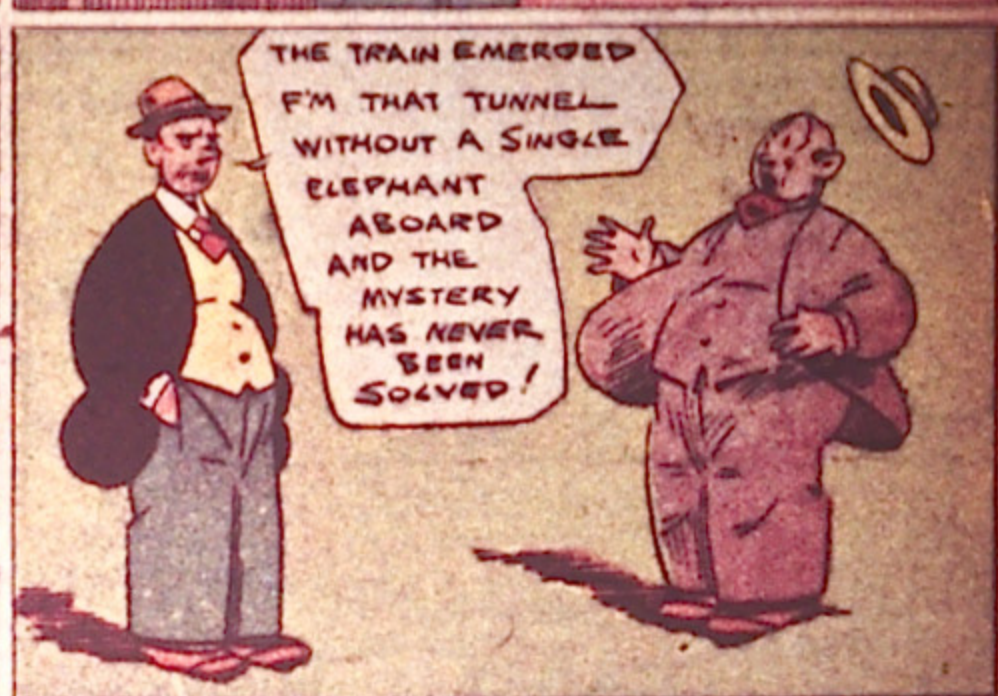
"The Museum!" said the Sergeant and turning, closed the door after him.

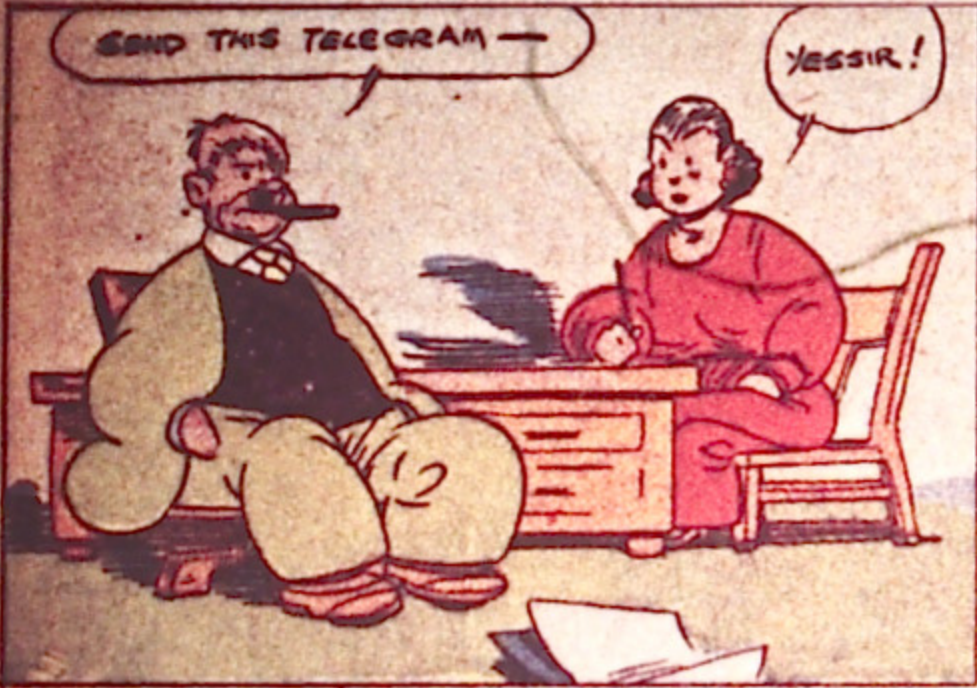
THE END

BLOODHOUND BROWN

BY ALGER









SPY

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS -- SALLY AND
BART ARE GIVEN A ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT

PIERRE BLANC, A FRENCH
ENVOY, IS HERE IN WASHING-
TON, D.C. ON OFFICIAL
BUSINESS. I'D LIKE BOTH
OF YOU TO VISIT HIS HOTEL
SUITE AND GUARD HIM
AGAINST POSSIBLE
HARM.

I GET IT!
WE'RE TO STICK
WITH HIM
DAY AND
NIGHT

I HOPE
HE DOESN'T
SHORE



WHEN THE ENVOY'S SUITE IS REACHED. . .

THE OLD DUFFER
SURE IS TAKING
HIS TIME ANSWERING
THE DOOR!

EITHER HE'S MIGHTY
DEAF OR MIGHTY
STUBBORN! BUT
LISTEN! HERE HE
COMES NOW!

425



WE'RE FROM SECRET
SERVICE HEADQUARTERS
AND HERE ARE OUR
CREDENTIALS TO
PROVE IT.

WE'VE BEEN
DETAILED TO
GUARD YOU.

YES, I'VE BEEN
EXPECTING YOU
BUT I'M AFRAID
YOU'VE JOURN-
ELED HERE FOR
NOTHING



I'M AN EXPERT PISTOL SHOT.
I CAN TAKE EXCELLENT CARE
OF MYSELF, THANK YOU. AND
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME --



YOU'RE EXCUSED!
BUT WHETHER
YOU LIKE IT OR
NOT BART AND I
ARE STAYING
RIGHT HERE!

WE WERE
ORDERED TO
GUARD YOU AND
YOU'LL JUST HAVE
TO GET USED TO
THE IDEA!

BUT--



IT SEEMS YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND ME. I RESENT THIS INTRUSION. AND FURTHER, I INSIST YOU LEAVE AT ONCE!

GO AHEAD AND INSIST, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER!



WHY DON'T YOU ACCEPT THE SITUATION LIKE A GOOD LITTLE FELLOW? AFTER ALL, WE'RE DOING THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

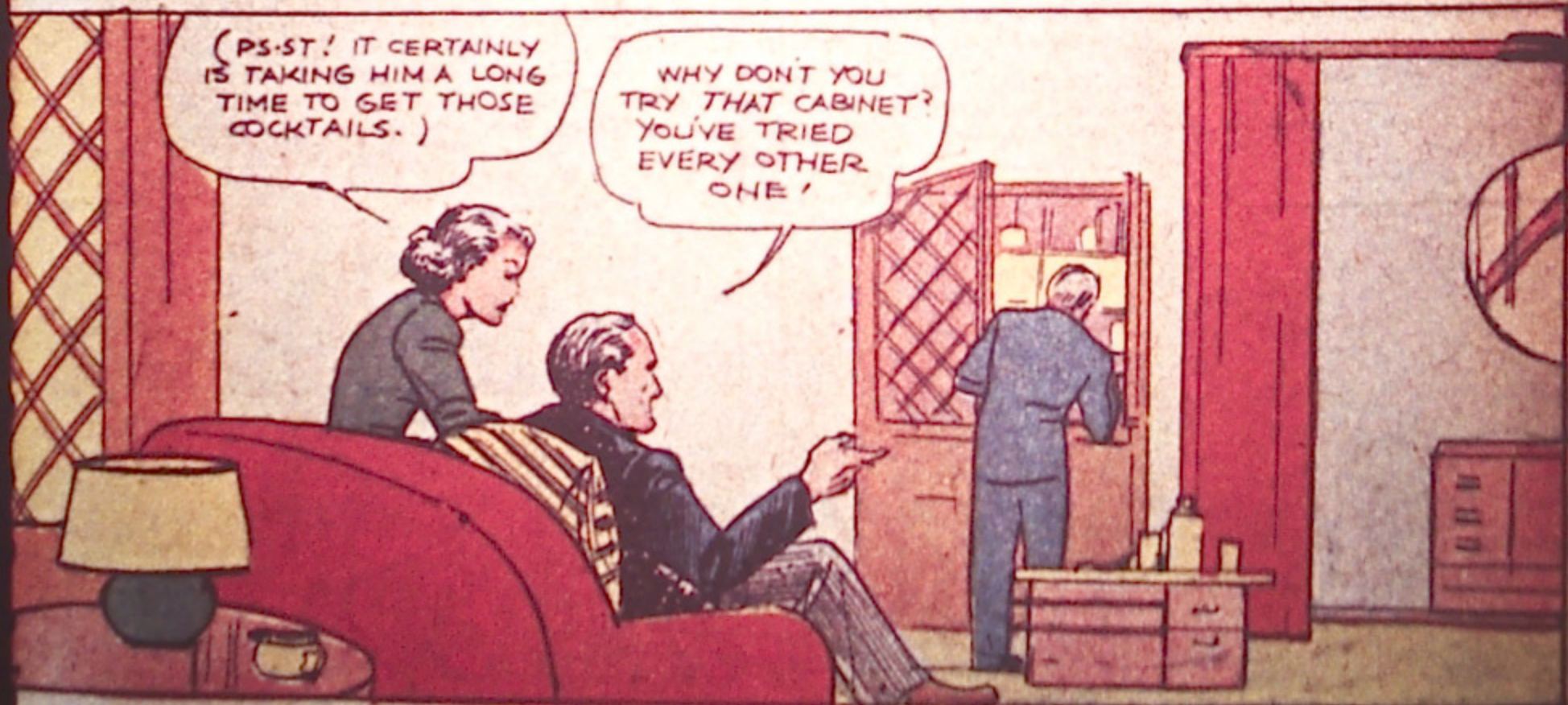
YOU OUGHT TO SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION BY OFFERING US COCKTAILS

VERY WELL, ONE MOMENT AND YOU WILL HAVE YOUR COCKTAILS.



(P.S.-ST! IT CERTAINLY IS TAKING HIM A LONG TIME TO GET THOSE COCKTAILS.)

WHY DON'T YOU TRY THAT CABINET? YOU'VE TRIED EVERY OTHER ONE!



YOU'LL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT YOUR DRINKS. I SEEM TO HAVE MISPLACED THE DECANTER.



YOU HAVEN'T MISPLACED THE GUN THAT'S BULGING YOUR JACKET-POCKET, HAVE YOU?

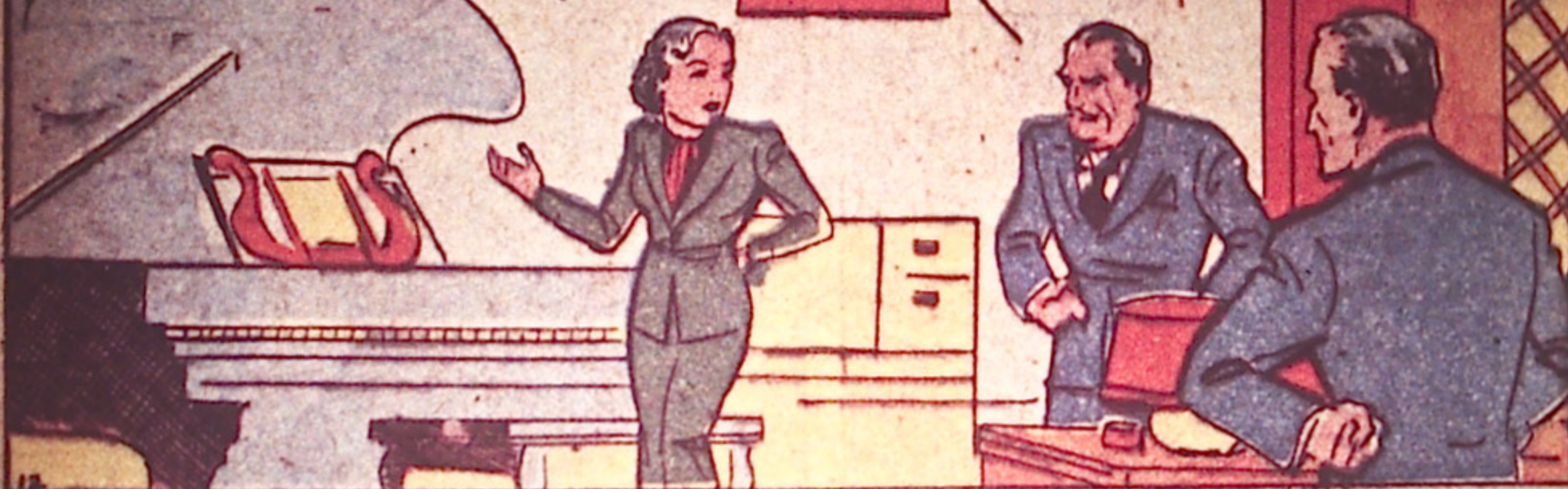
SAY, YOU DON'T ALWAYS PACK A ROD, DO YOU?

ONLY WHEN MY LIFE IS IN JEOPARDY AS IT IS AT PRESENT! BUT AGAIN I ASSURE YOU I CAN WELL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!



I SEE YOU HAVE
A PIANO IN YOUR
SUITE. WOULD
YOU MIND PLAYING
FOR US?

OF ALL THE GALL!
NOT CONTENT WITH
HAVING BURST INTO MY
ROOMS, YOU NOW ASK
ME TO ENTERTAIN
YOU!



THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE!
HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE
NOT REALLY ASSASSINATING
PLANNING TO KILL ME?
**GET OUT BEFORE
I SHOOT!**

MAYBE HE
MEANS IT!

I WOULDN'T
BE SUR-
PRISED!



ALL RIGHT, "MR. ENVOY," SINCE YOU'VE
BROUGHT UP THE MATTER OF FALSE
IDENTITIES -- HOW ARE WE TO KNOW
YOU'RE PIERRE BLANC? FIRST, YOU
TAKE A SUSPICIOUSLY LONG TIME TO
ANSWER THE DOOR, THEN YOU SAY
YOU WERE EXPECTING US WHEN YOU HAD
NO WARNING WE WERE COMING, NEXT
YOU CAN'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO LOCATE
THINGS IN YOUR OWN
ROOM AND LAST, YOU
CAN'T PLAY YOUR
PIANO



ANOTHER THING.
WHAT IS IT THAT
KEEPS STIRRING
WITHIN THAT CLOSET?
A GHOST?



SEE HOW CONSIDERATE I AM?
I OPEN THE CLOSET-DOOR -- YOU
SEE NOT A GHOST, BUT PIERRE BLANC
WHOM I WAS ABOUT TO MURDER
WHEN YOU SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED
ME. NOW IF YOU'LL KINDLY
JOIN HIM WITHIN THE CLOSET.
WE'LL GET THIS MASS EXECUTION
OVER WITH AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE!



BART STEPS TOWARD THE CLOSET, BUT AT HIS FIRST OPPORTUNITY HE LETS FLY A KICK THAT SENDS THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN'S GUN SPINNING FROM HIS GRASP!



INSTANTLY THE TWO CLOSE IN AND WAGE A MIGHTY HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE!



SALLY SNATCHES UP THE GUN . . .

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SCRAP, BOYS, AND I HATE TO BREAK IT UP, BUT I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO!

EASE YOUR MIND! THE FIGHT IS OVER!



LATER -- AT SPY HEADQUARTERS . . .

PIERRE BLANC IS ON THE TELEPHONE. HE WANTS TO AGAIN THANK YOU FOR RESCUING HIM FROM THAT MURDERER!

TELL HIM WE'RE IN A CONFERENCE.

TELL HIM, TOO, THAT IF HE INSISTS ON BOTHERING US, WE'LL TURN THE MURDERER LOOSE!



Buck MARSHALL

Range Detective

BY H. FLEMING



LUCKY HUNCH

CANTERING SOUTHWARD, TOWARDS THE LITTLE COW TOWN WHERE HIS FRIEND THE SHERIFF HAS HIS OFFICE, BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, IS RETURNING, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVERAL WEEKS... FINALLY, PULLING UP IN THE WELCOME SHADE OF A COTTONWOOD, HE SWINGS DOWN AND LOOSENS THE SADDLE CINCH—

ABOUT TO SETTLE DOWN FOR A REST, WITH HIS BACK TO THE TREE TRUNK, HE HALF RISES AS HE SEES A CALF DASH OUT OF A THICKET, SOME DISTANCE TO HIS LEFT AND HEAD IN HIS DIRECTION. THE FRIGHTENED ANIMAL COMES CLOSE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO MAKE OUT A FRESH BRAND MARK ON ITS RIGHT FLANK.

SUSPECTING THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG, HE BACK-TRACKS THE CALF SOME DISTANCE INTO THE THICKET AND SUDDENLY, COMES UPON THE BODY OF A COWBOY.



HE WAS SHOT FROM BEHIND—BULLET WOUND BETWEEN THE SHOULDER BLADES

HERE'S HIS GUN—ONE SHELL EMPTY. HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO FIRE A SHOT—



NEARBY IS A SMOULDERING FIRE AND A BRANDING IRON.



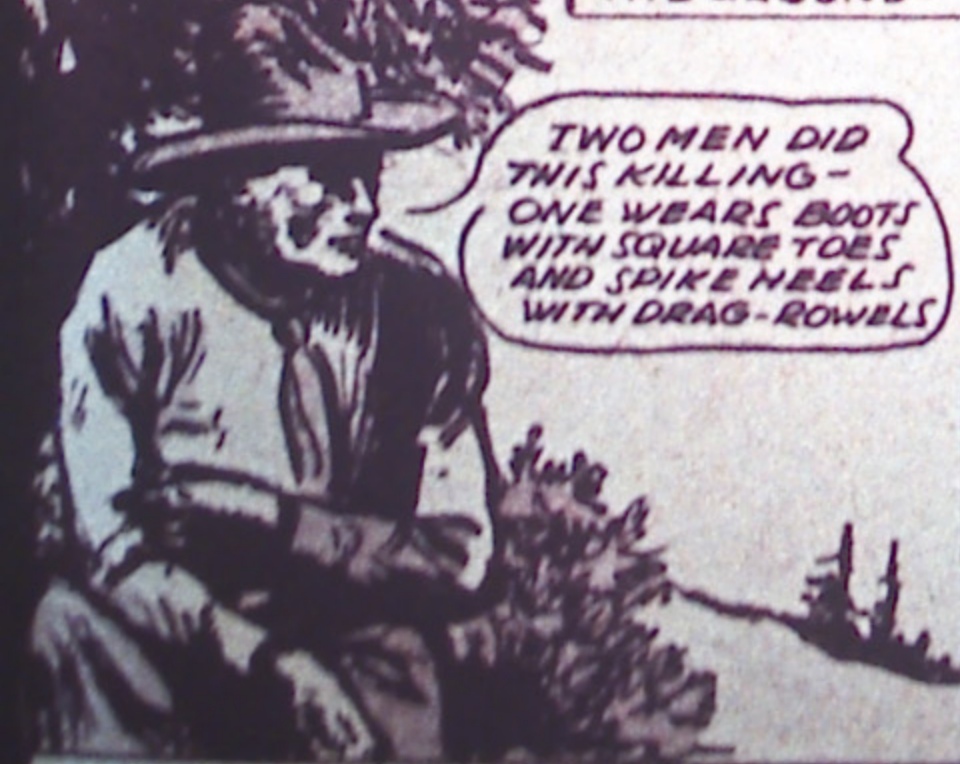
LB
IT LOOKS
LIKE A
RUSTLING
JOB, ALRIGHT.
HERE'S THE IRON
HE WAS USING

STANDING A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY
IS A HORSE WITH REINS DRAGGING -
ON THE LEFT FLANK IS A BRAND MARK -



THIS IS
QUBER -
IT LOOKS LIKE
THAT GENT
OVER THERE
WAS A RIDER FOR
THE 2 M SPREAD

GOING BACK TO WHERE THE BODY
IS LYING, BUCK CAREFULLY EXAMINES
THE GROUND.



TWO MEN DID
THIS KILLING -
ONE WEARS BOOTS
WITH SQUARE TOES
AND SPIKE HEELS
WITH DRAG-ROWELS

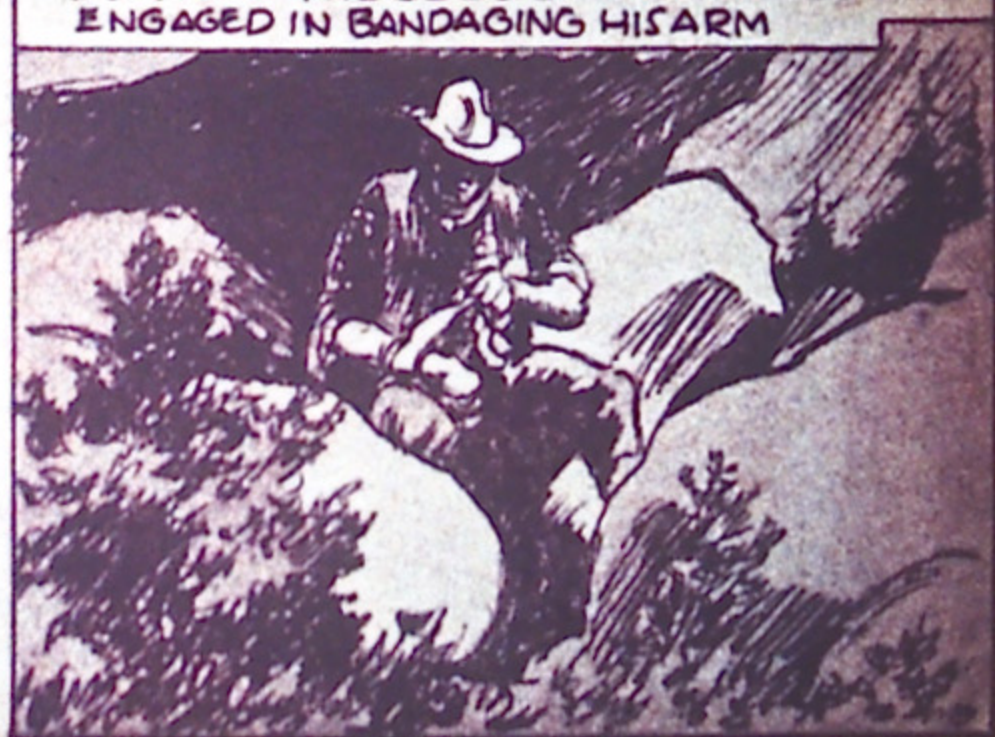
RETURNING TO WHERE HE HAD LEFT HIS
HORSE, BUCK LEAPS INTO THE SADDLE,
HASTENING TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THE
SLAYERS. BEFORE IT IS WASHED OUT BY
A RAPIDLY APPROACHING THUNDERSTORM



FINALLY, AS THE STORM BREAKS WITH
A CRASH OF THUNDER AND A DOWN-POUR
OF RAIN, BUCK SPURS FORWARD AS HE
SEES AN OVERHANGING LEDGE A SHORT
DISTANCE AHEAD -



A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM THE LEDGE,
BUCK COMES TO A HALT WHEN HE BECOMES
AWARE OF THE PRESENCE OF ANOTHER MAN
BENEATH THE LEDGE - HE IS BUSILY
ENGAGED IN BANDAGING HIS ARM



SCREENED BY THE UNDERGROWTH, HE SLIPS FROM THE SADDLE AND EDGES HIS WAY FORWARD — SUDDENLY, A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING, THAT SPLITS A TREE NEARBY, THROWS HIM VIOLENTLY TO THE GROUND STUNNED —



WHEN HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, THE STORM HAS PASSED AND ALSO THE MAN HAS DISAPPEARED FROM UNDER THE OVERHANGING LEDGE — BECAUSE OF THE ROCK FOOTING, HE IS UNABLE TO FIND ANY TRACKS — MOUNTING HIS HORSE, HE HEADS FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE —



THE SHERIFF IS JUST LEAVING HIS OFFICE WHEN BUCK ARRIVES.



ON THE WAY OVER TO THE 2M RANCH BUCK GIVES THE SHERIFF AN ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE LAST FEW HOURS



ARRIVING AT THE 2M RANCH, THEY ARE MET BY MORGEN, THE OWNER, WHO HEATEDLY DENOUNCES BERK OF THE LB RANCH AND ACCUSES HIM OF THE KILLING —



PRESENTLY, ROLF, THE 2M FOREMAN, JOINS THEM AND RELATES HOW HE HAD SEEN BERK IN THE VICINITY OF THE KILLING, JUST BEFORE THE STORM —

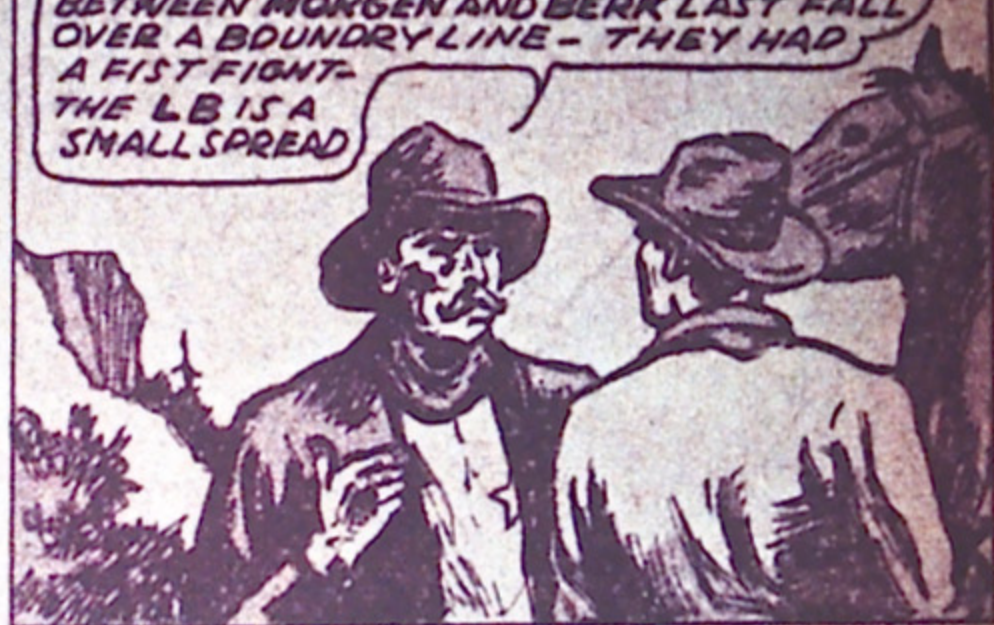


WELL, IT DOES LOOK KIND OF BAD FOR BERK, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN HOW HIS IRON HAPPENED TO BE AT THE SCENE OF THE KILLIN' - IT'S MIGHTY QUEER -



MORGEN TELLS THE SHERIFF THAT HE AND ROLF WILL SADDLE UP AND ACCOMPANY HIM TO THE LB RANCH. WHILE THEY ARE GONE, THE SHERIFF GETS IN A WORD WITH BUCK.

THERE WAS SOME TROUBLE BETWEEN MORGEN AND BERK LAST FALL OVER A BOUNDARY LINE - THEY HAD A FIST FIGHT - THE LB IS A SMALL SPREAD



ON THE WAY OVER, THE SHERIFF TELLS MORGEN AND ROLF THAT THERE MUST BE NO GUN PLAY---

I'M WARNIN' YOU ALL TO KEEP YOUR GUNS HOLSTERED - I AIM TO GIVE BOTH SIDES A FAIR HEARING -



BERK IS IN HIS CORRAL ATTACHED TO A BARN, WHEN THE SHERIFF AND HIS PARTY RIDE IN --

BERK, I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU HOW AN LB IRON HAPPENS TO BE FOUND NEAR THE BODY OF JIM BANKS, MORGEN'S RIDER



WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, BERK DRAWS HIS GUN, COVERING HIS VISITORS, TAKEN OFF GUARD -

REACH, ALL OF YOU! SHERIFF, I KNOW NO MORE ABOUT THAT KILLING THAN YOU DO AND I DON'T AIM TO LET MORGEN FRAME ME FOR IT, EITHER



WITH HIS GUN LEVELED, HE BACKS THROUGH THE GATE, LOCKING IT AFTER HIM - DASHES AROUND THE CORNER OF THE BARN AND LEAPS ON HIS HORSE THAT HE HAD JUST SADDLED - THE NEXT MOMENT HE IS FLASHING UP THE TRAIL TO THE HILLS IN A RAIN OF LEAD -



FOLLOWING CLOSE ON HIS TRAIL, THE SHERIFF AND HIS PARTY FINALLY REACH A BOULDER-STREWN PASS. SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET FROM THE ENTRANCE, IT WIDENS OUT TO A CONSIDERABLE AREA COVERED WITH CLUMPS OF ROCKS AND BRUSH. FURTHER ON THEY DISCOVER THAT THE PASS HAS BEEN FILLED IN BY A LAND-SLIDE.



HIS TRAIL LEADS IN HERE, SO WE'VE SURE GOT THE COYOTE TRAPPED. HE'S GOT TO PASS US TO GET OUT - IF HE CLIMBS UP THE SIDES, WE'LL SEE HIM - WE'D BETTER SPREAD OUT -

ADVANCING INTO THE PASS, EACH MAN USES WHATEVER COVER IS AFFORDED BY THE BRUSH AND BOULDERS - CONSIDERABLY IN ADVANCE OF THE REST. BUCK SUDDENLY COMES UPON BERK FROM THE BACK -



UP WITH 'EM, BERK! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE YOU'RE SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES - TOSS THAT GUN BEHIND YOU!

AS BUCK BENDS TO PICK UP BERK'S GUN, HE SEES MORGEN LEAN FROM BEHIND A ROCK, GUN LEVELED AT BERK'S HEAD - BUCK'S GUN FLASHES UP AND BEFORE MORGEN CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, A SLUG PLOWS A FURROW IN HIS SCALP -

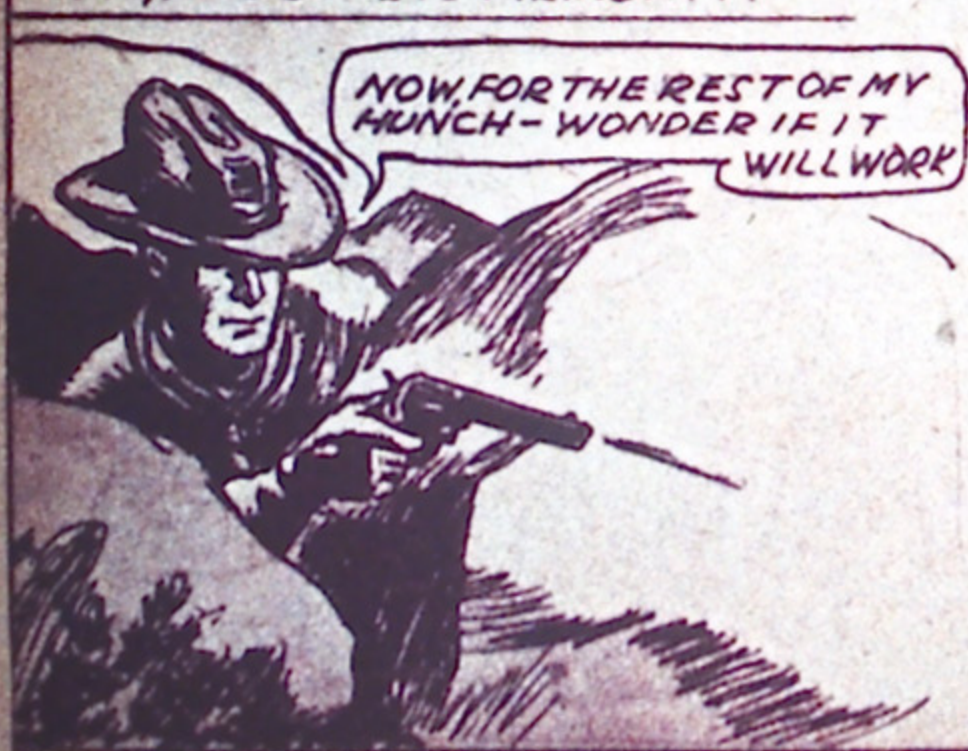


AS MORGEN CRUMPLES UP AND SLIDES TO THE GROUND, BUCK SPEAKS IN A LOW TONE TO THE ASTONISHED BERK -



BERK, I'M HELPING YOU - HIDE DOWN IN THAT HOLLOW -

SEARCHING AMONG THE BOULDERS WITH HIS EYE, HE SEES THE TIP OF A BLACK FELT HAT, AND STARTS FIRING AT IT -



NOW, FOR THE REST OF MY HUNCH - WONDER IF IT WILL WORK

AFTER BUCK HAS POUNDED THE BOULDER WITH HOT LEAD FOR SOME TIME, HE SHIFTS OVER TO ANOTHER POSITION, THEN STANDS UP AND SHOUTS -



HEY, ROLF! I'VE PLUGGED HIM - COME ON OVER!

WHEN ROLF COMES OVER, BUCK LEADS HIM TO WHERE MORGEN LIES SPRAWLED OUT - HE UTTERS AN EXCLAMATION OF ALARM WHEN HE SEES MORGEN!

THAT'S MORGEN!
WHERE'S BERK?

HE'S THE ONLY ONE
I GOT. I WAS WATCHING
HIM WHILE HE WAS TRYING
TOWING YOU, SO I
LET HIM HAVE
IT - HE
ISN'T DEAD -
JUST KNOCKED
OUT -

ROLF IS ENRAGED AS BUCK LEADS HIM TO BELIEVE THAT IT WAS MORGEN WHO WAS PEPPERING HIM - BY THIS TIME THE SHERIFF HAS COME OVER.

THE DOUBLE-CROSSIN'
COYOTE - HE KNEW I
WASNT BERK BECAUSE
I WAS BEHIND HIM -
HE TRIED TO DRILL
ME SO HE COULD GET
ME OUT OF THE WAY
LIKE HE DID BANKS
BECAUSE I KNOW
TOO MUCH

MORGEN KILLED JIM BANKS BECAUSE
HE THREATENED TO SQUEAL - HE'S
BEEN TRYIN' TO JUMP BERK'S
BOUNDARY LINE SO AS HE CAN GET
CONTROL OF THE WATER SUPPLY -
- HE FAKED THE
RUSTLIN' JOBS TO
GET BERK OUT
OF THE WAY!

SHERIFF, THAT'S ABOUT THE WAY. I FIGURED
IT - I SUSPECTED MORGEN WAS THE
HOMBRE I SAW UNDER THE LEDGE, WHEN
I NOTICED HE DIDNT USE HIS RIGHT ARM MUCH.
JIM MUST HAVE GOT IN A SHOT AT HIM -
THERE, YOU CAN SEE HIS ARM IS BANDAIDED.

YES, BUCK, AND I
ALSO NOTICE
THAT HIS BOOTS
HAVE SQUARE
TOES AND SPIKE
HEELS WITH
DRAGGIN' ROWELS.

AFTER ROLF CHARGES MORGEN WITH
THE KILLING, BUCK BRINGS BERK
FROM HIS HIDE-OUT. MORGEN HAS
RECOVERED HIS SENSES SO THAT
HE AND ROLF ARE TIED ON THEIR
HORSES AND STARTED FOR JAIL -

WELL, BUCK, YOU PULLED A NEAT
TRICK TO ROPE THESE TWO COUGARS -
THOUGH MAYBE YOU DID WANDER
A MITE FROM THE TRUTH -

YES, SHERIFF, IT'S
ONE THING TO GET
THE EVIDENCE BUT
IT'S ANOTHER TO
FASTEN IT ON A
CROOK -

SLAM

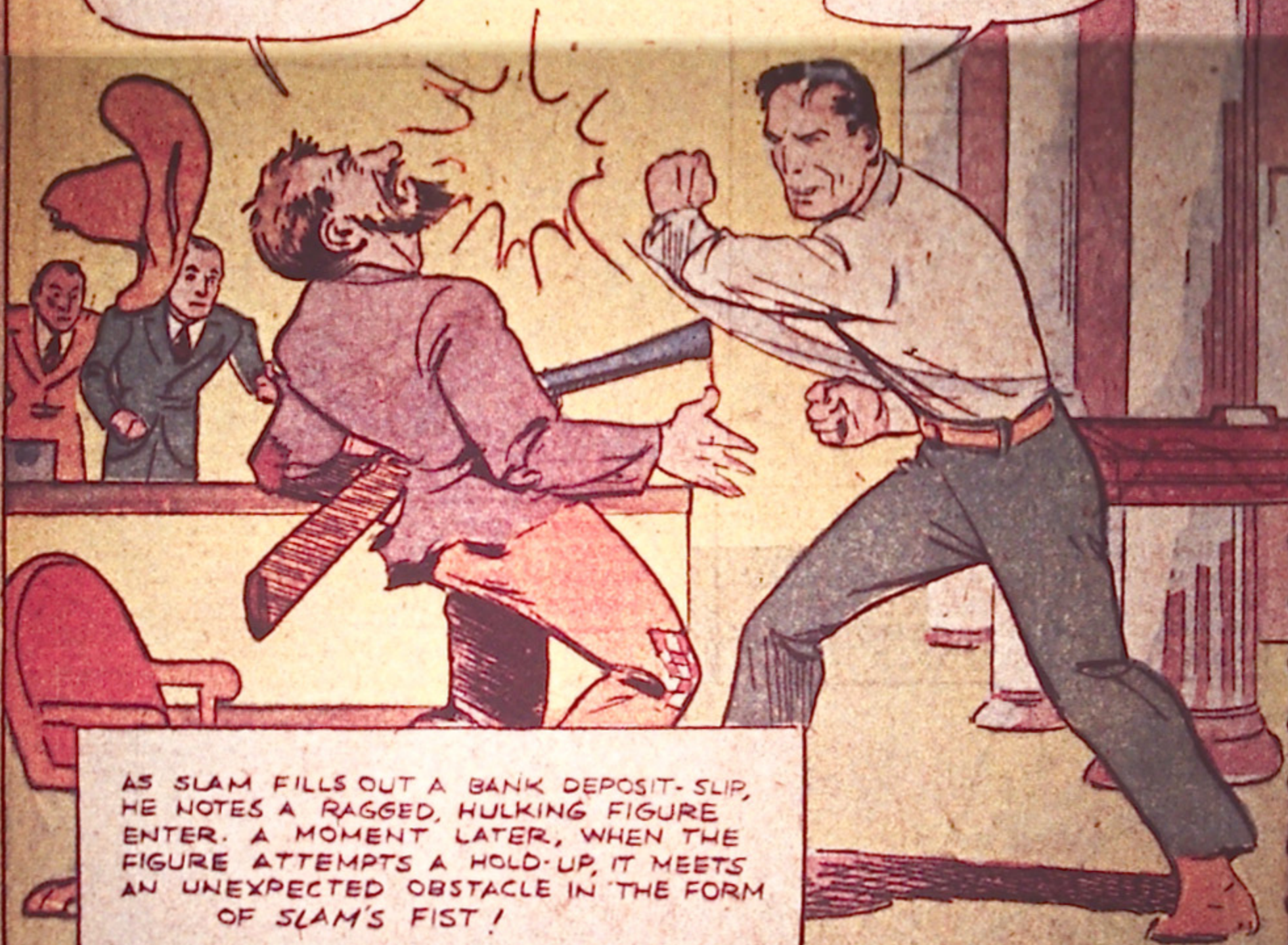
JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

BRADLEY

PUT UP
YORE 'HANDS,
EVERYBODY!

O.K. -- BUT
DO YOU MIND
IF I HANG MINE
ON YOUR CHIN?

AS SLAM FILLS OUT A BANK DEPOSIT-SLIP,
HE NOTES A RAGGED, HULKING FIGURE
ENTER. A MOMENT LATER, WHEN THE
FIGURE ATTEMPTS A HOLD-UP, IT MEETS
AN UNEXPECTED OBSTACLE IN THE FORM
OF SLAM'S FIST!



AFTER THE
WOULD-BE
ROBBER
IS
JAILED...

YOU SURE HABBED
A QUEER ONE THIS
TIME, SLAM! THE PRISONER
IS NAMED ZEKE WILLIS
AND HAILS FROM THE
KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS
HE KEEPS YELLIN' HE
WANTS TO GO BACK TO
THE MOUNTAINS!

LET ME OUT
FUM HYAR!
AH GOTTA
GIT BACK
T'KAINUCKY!

YOU SHOULD HAVE
THOUGHT OF THAT
BEFORE YOU TRIED
TO PULL A JESSE
JAMES!



THAT NIGHT--

THE JAIL AIN'T
NEVER BIN MADE
WOT A WILLIS
COULDN'T BREAK
OUT'N!



LATER...

SHORTY!
GET UP! ZEKE
WILLIS HAS
ESCAPED!

I DON'T CARE IF
THE PLANET HAS
ESCAPED FROM ITS
ORBIT-- ALL I WANT
TO DO IS SLEEP!



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
I CAPTURED HIM IN THE
FIRST PLACE AND IT'S
UP TO ME TO SEE THAT
HE LANDS BACK IN THE
HELL WHERE HE
BELONGS!

ALL I UNDER-
STAND IS THAT
YOU INTERRUPTED
A BEAUTIFUL
DREAM!



NEXT MORNING... AFTER A LONG
OVERNIGHT DRIVE...

WELL HERE WE ARE IN THE
HEART OF THE KENTUCKY
MOUNTAINS! IF MY HUNCH
THAT ZEKE WILL HEAD BACK
FOR HIS HOME IS TRUE
THEN THINGS SHOULD
START POPPING NOW!

THEY AL-
READY HAVE!
THERE GO
OUR TIRES!



IT'S NO USE! --
THIS FLIVVER'S ACTIVE
DAYS FROM NOW ON
ARE JUST A MEM-
ORY! WE'LL
HAVE TO WALK!

WALK?
-- OF ALL
THE ROTTEN
LUCK!

OUCH!
THESE TIGHT
SHOES ARE
KILLIN' ME!

WE'VE ONLY A LITTLE
FURTHER TO GO!
KEEP YOUR CHIN
UP!

WHAT
TH'!

QUICK!
BEHIND THAT
BOULDER!

BANG

BANG

WHAT'RE WE
GONNA DO NOW?
IF WE SHOW OUR
HEAD THEY'LL
BLOW IT OFF!

JUST HUG
THE GROUND!

ZING

DON'T MOVE,
CUSS YO'!

WHATEVER GAVE
YA TH' IDEA WE
WANTED T' MOVE
WHY WE WOULDN'
BUDGE FER
ANYTHING ON
EARTH!

WE TOLLIVERS AIN'T GOIN'
T'LET NO SHERIFFS CHASE
US OFF'N OUR OWN
LAND! NOW GIT!

TAKE IT EASY!
WE DON'T CARE IF
YOU STAY ON YOUR
LAND TILL DOOM'S-
DAY!

WERE NOT SHERIFFS!
THE ONLY REASON
WE CAME OUT HERE
WAS T'FIND
ZEKE WILLIS!

YORE PALS O'THET
KUNK WILLIS!
AS WUS YET!

HEY!
CUT THAT
OUT!

WAIT! WE'RE NOT
HIS FRIENDS!
WE'VE COME TO
TAKE HIM TO
JAIL!

BANG

WAL-LL THAS DIFFRUNT!
WE TOLLIVERS HEV BIN FEUDIN'
WITH TH' WILLIS'S FER A HUN'ERD
YEARS AN' ARE ALWAYS READY
T'DO 'EM A DIRTY TURN!
IN THET CASE COME WITH US,
AN' WE'LL HELP Y'GIT
TH' LOW VARMINT!

THE TOLLIVERS WALK OFF WITH SHORTY
D SLAM, A FIGURE WHICH HAD BEEN
HIDEN IN THE BRANCHES OF A TREE, SLIDES
TO THE GROUND

TEE-HEE!
AH KIN JUS'
IMAGINE TH' LOOK
ON ZEKE'S FACE
WHEN AH TELLS
HIM O'THIS

LATER...

AN' THESE TWO
FELLAS SAID THEY
COME T'GIT YA
FER TH' LAW!

THEY DID, EH?
WAL, I'LL GIT
THEM FUST!

Y'LL HEV 'T CHASE
TH' CATTLE OUT 'N
TH' CABIN, MAW -- WE
HAS GOT VISITORS!

THEY'S NICE
FOLKS! THEY
HATES TH' WILLIS'S
TOO!

GOSH! WE
CERTAINLY ARE
SORRY TO INCON-
VENIENCE YA LIKE
THIS, MRS
TOLLIVER!

THAS A WRIGHT!
GUESS YE CAN'T SMELL
ANY WUSS 'N TH'
CATTLE!



17

LATER.

WAIT HERE, SHORTY!
I'M GOING OUT TO LOOK
THINGS OVER. I'LL BE
BACK SOON!

QUIT IT!
YA BOTHER
ME!



SHORTLY AFTER SLAM LEAVES --

GOT 'IM!

SH-H' CAREFUL!
LEM! THEM PESK
TOLLIVERS MIGHT
HEAR YE!

AW-WK!



TALK FAST!
WHAR -- IS --
YO -- FRIEND?

TAKE TH' LITTLE
ONE TO OUR
CABIN, ZEKE!
I'LL ATTEND
T HIS FRIEND!

H-HE WENT
OUT FER
A WALK!



THE TWO WILLIS'S PART! ONE DRAGS THE
PROTESTING SHORTY TOWARD THEIR HOME
THE OTHER COMMENCES TO STALK DOWN
SLAM AS HE WOULD A WILD BEAST!



21

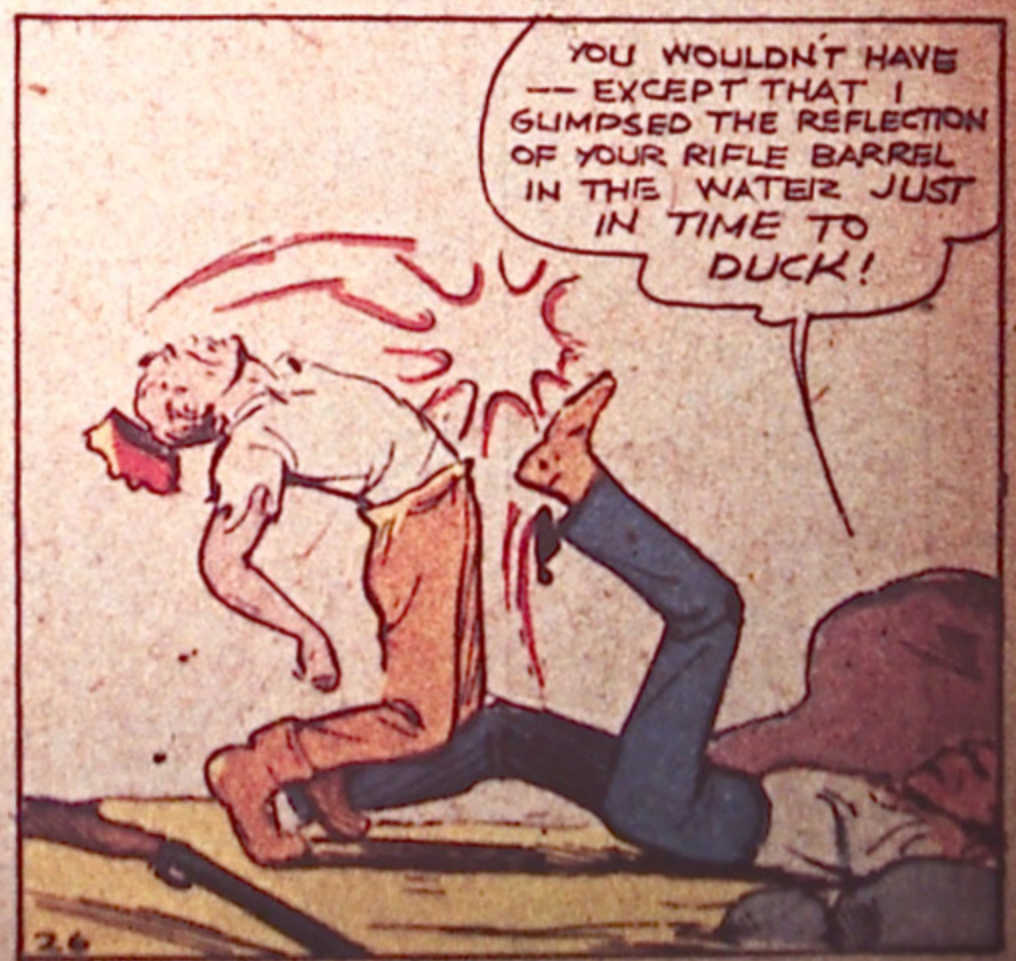
DEEP IN THE WOODS, SLAM PAUSES FOR
A DRINK --



-- UNAWARE OF DANGER!



AN UNEXPECTED RIFLE SHOT!
-- CLUTCHING HIS SIDE, SLAM
COLLAPSES LIMPLY!



WHAT'S TH' IDEA
OF TAKING A POT-
SHOT AT ME?

YORE WASTIN'
TIME -- A
WILLIS NEVAH
SQUEALS!

OH, SO YORE A
WILLIS, EH? WELL,
I HAVE WAYS OF
MAKIN' ANYONE
TALK!

GLUB
GLUB

AFTER THE SIXTH DUCKING, LEM SPUTTERS
OUT THE ENTIRE STORY

-- BUT YO' PAL
IS DOOMED! ZEKE
AIMS TO USE
"TH' ROPE!

SHORTY IN
TROUBLE?
I MIGHT HAVE
EXPECTED IT!

SLAM RACES BACK TO THE TOLLIVERS

YOU'VE GOT TO LEAD
ME TO THE WILLIS'S!
SHORTY HAS BEEN
KIDNAPPED!

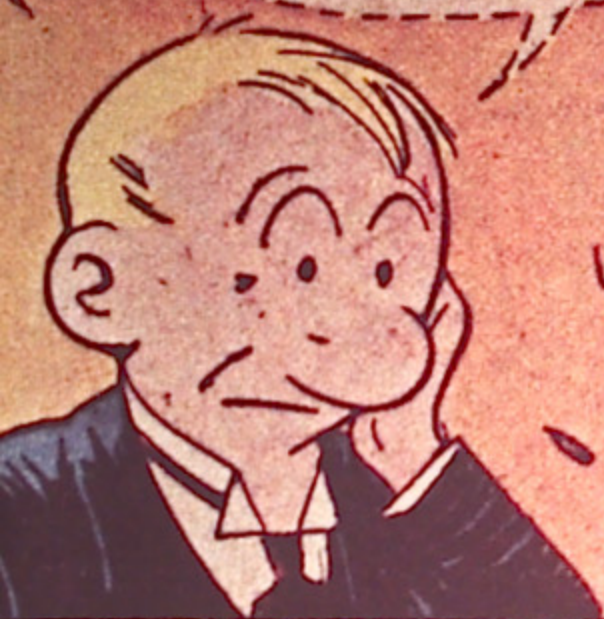
GRAB YORE
SHOOTIN' IRON,
RUF! WE'RE
GOIN' SKUNK
HUNTIN'!

WITHIN
THE
WILLIS
CABIN...

AH 'M STEPPIN' OUT
FER A SECOND T'GIT "TH'
ROPE"! IF HE BLINKS
EVEN AN EYELASH, LUCYBELLE,
GIVE 'IM BOTH BARRELS!

WANT T'GIT DRILLED?
IF YO' DO, JIST TRY
SOMETHIN'!

GOLLY! WHATA SPOT
T'BE IN! I'VE GOTTA
THINK, AN' THINK
FAST!



32

HEH! HEH! --
YOU'VE ONLY ONE
CHANCE! AND THAT
IS TO MAKE LUCY-BELLE
FALL IN LOVE WITH
YOU!



WHAT! THAT
MOPE? --
OH, HOW I HATE
T'DO IT, BUT ITS
TH' ONLY WAY
OUT!



33

WHUT AIR YEW
STARIN' AT?



PLEASE DON'T BE
ANGRY, LUCY-BELLE,
BUT YER EYES --
THEY'RE LIKE LIMPID
POOLS! I-JUST --
CAN'T-HELP --
STARING!



YEW, Y-YEW
THINK THEY'RE
BEAUTIFUL?



BEAUTIFUL??

THEY'RE
RAVISHING! AN'
YER HAIR, AN' THAT
GOLD TOOTH, AN'
THAT DELICIOUS
ACCENT--IRRESISTIBLE!



WHEN
ZEKE
WILLIS
ENTERS...

ONE SIDE,
LUCY-BELLE!
AH AIMS T'GIVE
'IM "TH' ROPE"!



STAN' BACK, ZEKE WILLIS!
THIS HYAR'S TH' ONLY MAN
WHUT EVER SAID LOVE-WORDS
T'ME! HE MAY BE TH' LAST,
TOO, AN' SO I'M HOLDIN' ONTA
HIM! -- HE'S MINE!



PERHAPS I'D
BETTER STEP
OUTSIDE WHILE
YOJ TWO ARGUE
THIS-ER-DELICATE
MATTER!



I DUNNO WHUT LUCY-BELLE SEES IN A SAWED-OFF RUNT BUT IF SHE LOVES YEW, YORE GONNA GIT HITCHED!

HITCHED?
-- MARRIED?

OH-H-M!

AIN'T YEW THRILLED?
IN A MINUTE ZEKE WILL
BE BACK WITH TH' MARRYIN'
PARSON -- AN' JIST THINK!
-- YEW'LL BE ABLE
T' LOOK IN MY EYES
FER EVER AN' EVER!

THAT'S
JUST WHAT
I'M THINKIN'

AN' PRESUMES THESE
ARE TH' TWO WHO
DESIRES T' BE JOINED
IN HOLY WEDLOCK FER
TH' SUM OF TWENTY-
FIVE CENTS PAYABLE
IN ADVANCE!

THAS RIGHT,
PARSON!
BUT GIT TH'
CEREMONY
STARTED

YOU CAN'T
MARRY ME,
PARSON! I HAVEN'T
GOT TWENTY-
FIVE CENTS!

IT'S AWRIGHT
DARLIN'!
I HAVE!
SEE!

ZEKE
RETURNS...

DO YEW, SHORTY MORGAN,
TAKE THIS WOMAN, LUCY-
BELLE WILLIS, FO' YO'
LAWFULLY WEDDED
WIFE?

I--I--

GO AHEAD!
SAY IT!

YES! --
SAY IT!

I'M
WAITIN'

I AINT MARRYIN' NOBODY, LEAST OF ALL, LUCY-BELLE! ON SECOND THOUGHT, I PREFER "TH' ROPE"!

NO SOONER DOES SHORTY'S DECLARATION STRIKE STUNNED EARS THEN INSTANT PAN-DEMONIUM REIGNS!

THEN, BY GOSH, HE WILL GIT "TH' ROPE"!

GIMME 'BACK MAH QUARTER!

NOTHIN' DOIN' IT'S MAH QUARTER NOW

JUST AS "TH' ROPE" SETTLES ABOUT SHORTY'S THROAT, THE DOOR TO THE CABIN ABRUPTLY BREAKS IN!

SLAM BRADLEY' -- HOT DOG! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

GLAD TO HEAR YOU ADMIT IT!

BAM

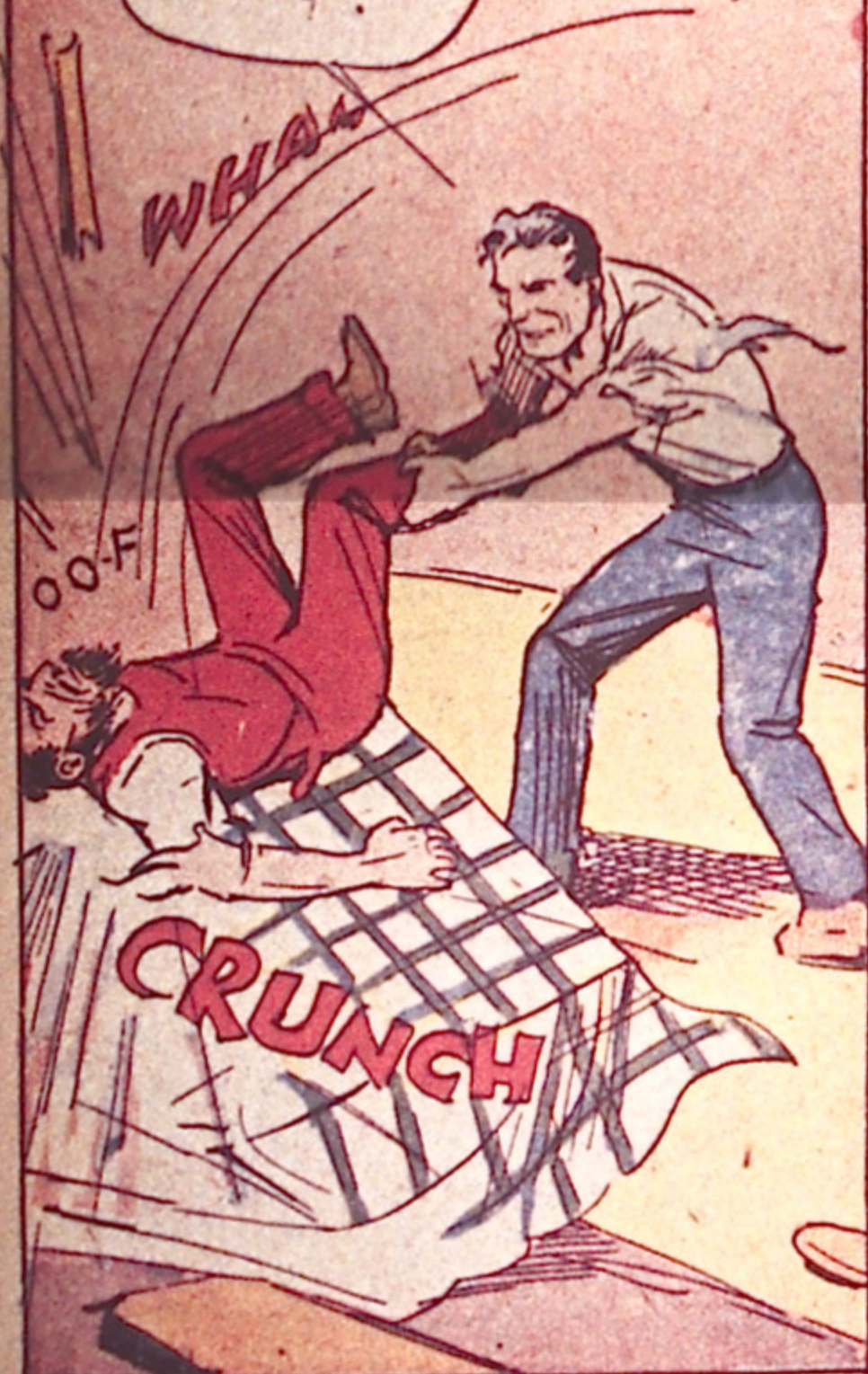
SLAM AND ZEKE LEAP TOWARD EACH OTHER
LIKE TWO UNLEASHED JUNGLE BEASTS!

AH'LL TEAR
YEW T'BITS
WITH THESE
TWO HANDS!

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL
FIND TWO HANDS
AREN'T ENOUGH!



BUT FOR
THAT MATTER,
NEITHER
DO I !



46

A MOMENT BEFORE ZEKE REACHES
SLAM HE SNATCHES UP A HEAVY
CHAIR. HE BRINGS IT DOWN UPON
SLAM'S SKULL WITH TERRIFIC FORCE

WE MOUNTAIN
FOLK DON'T FOLLOW
NO FIGHTIN'
RULES!

EVIDENTLY

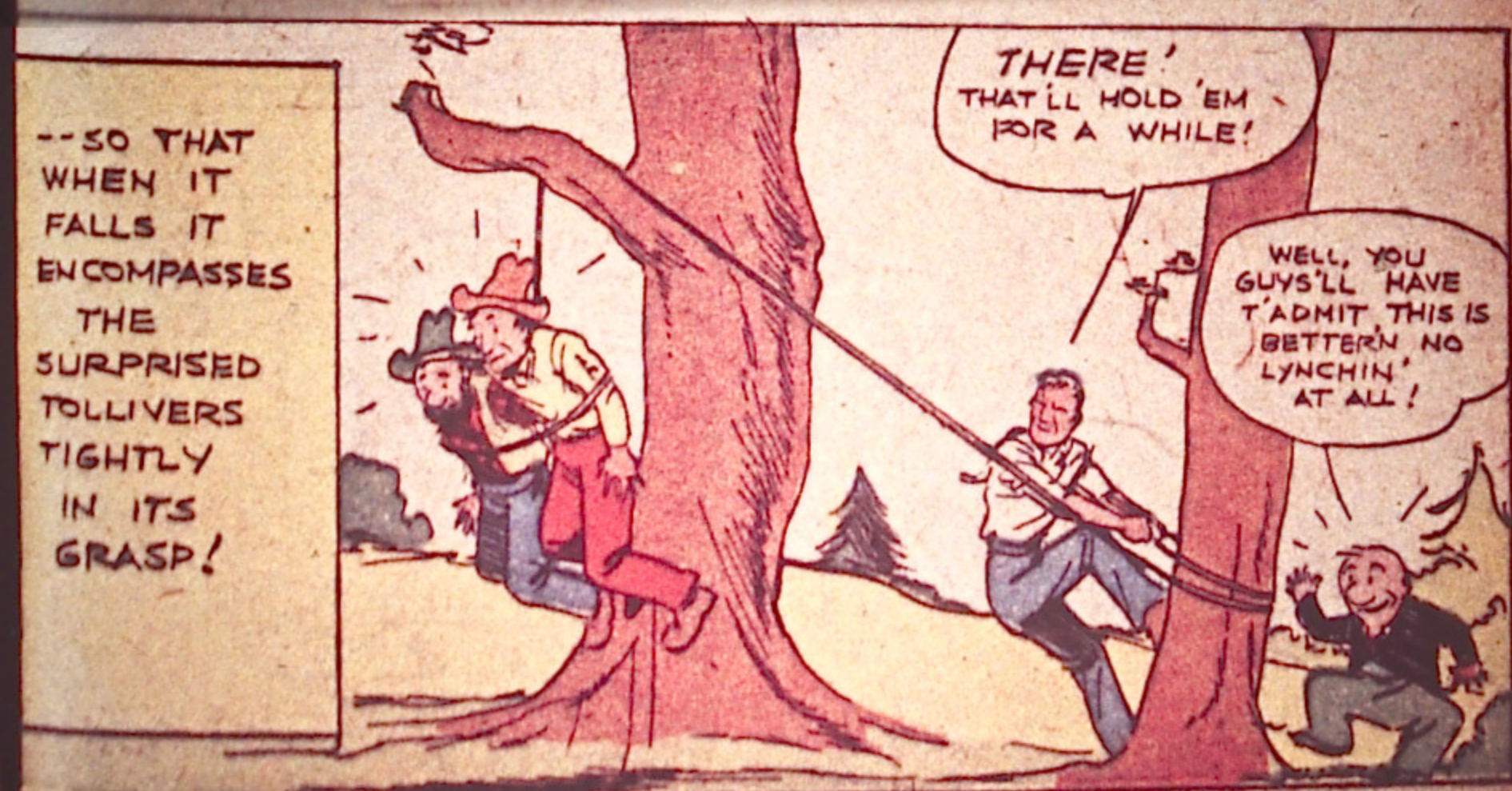
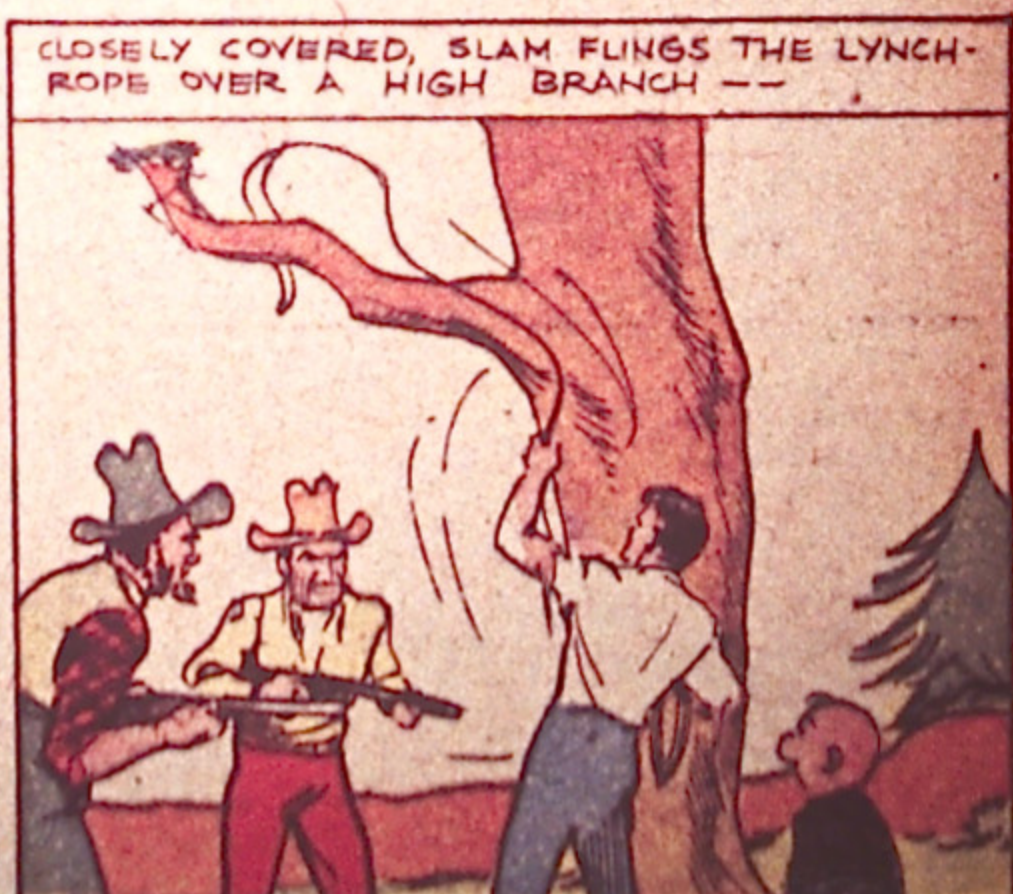
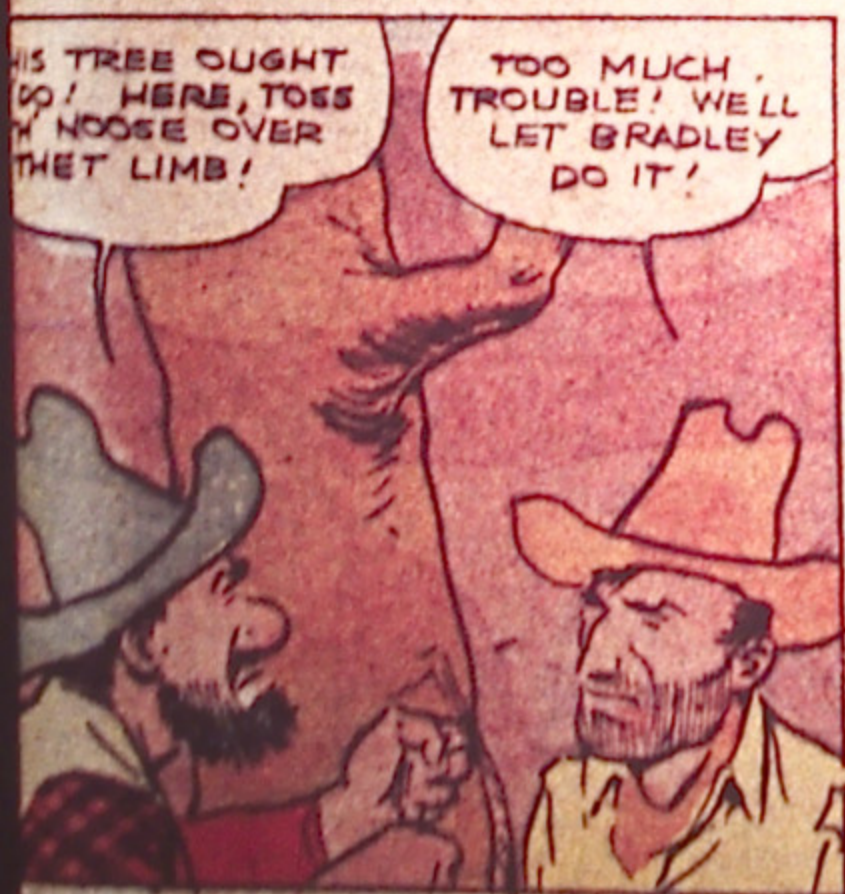
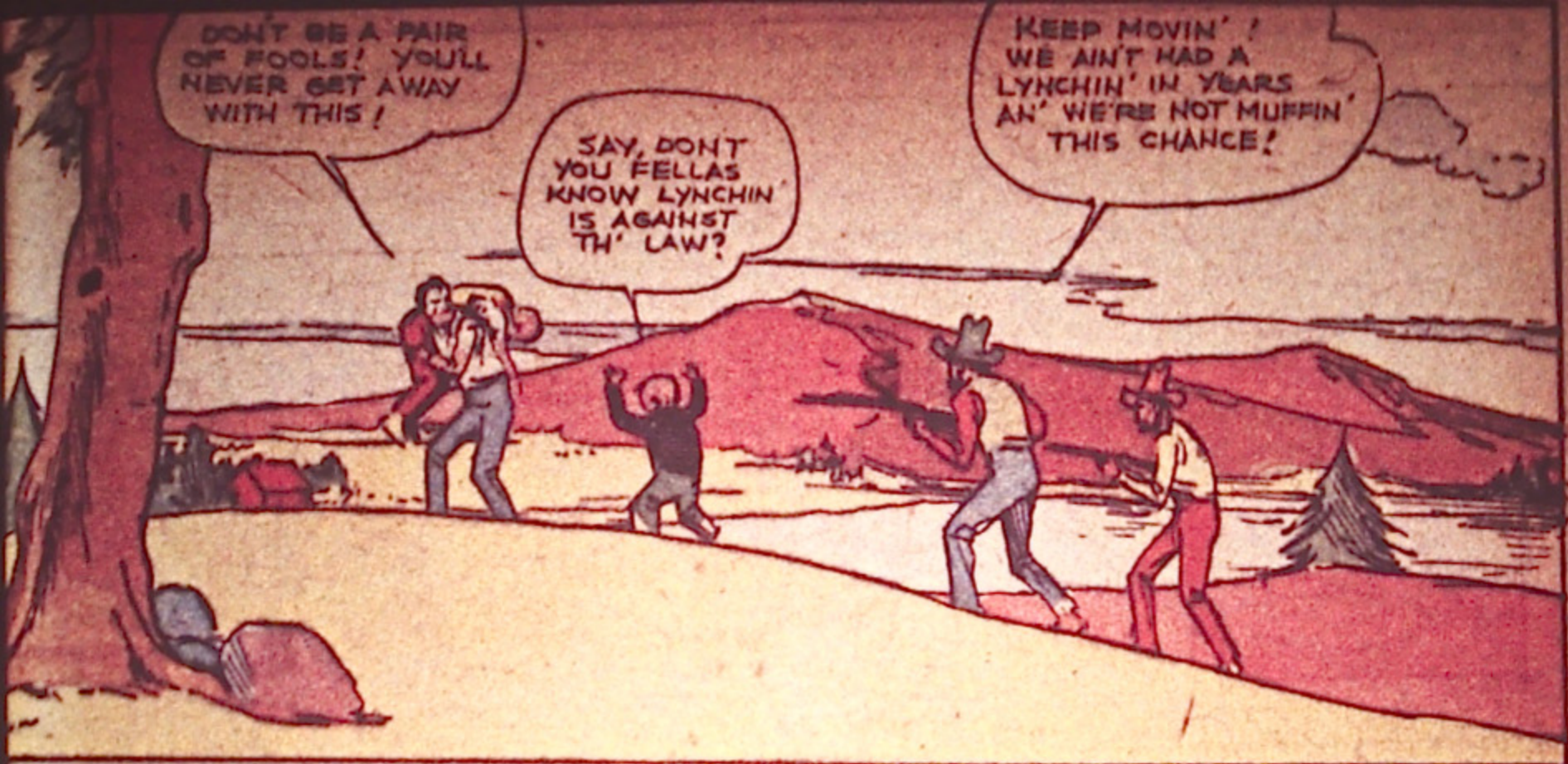


NOT SO FAST,
ZEKE. WILLIS A
GOIN' T'NO JA
WE TOLLIVERS
CRAVES A
OLD-FASHION
LYNCHIN' A
WE'RE GON
GIT IT!

NOW TO CART
HIM BACK TO
JAIL!

NICE GOIN'
SLAM! HE'S
OUT --
COLD!





RETURNING
TO THE
HIGHWAY,
SLAM AND
SHORTY "THUMB"
VIGOROUSLY
FOR A RIDE
UNTIL
AT LAST
AN AUTO
STOPS

ALL RIGHT --
HOP IN, YOU
FELLAS!

THANKS, PAL!

YIPPEE!
WE'RE ON OUR
WAY HOME!



WHEN CLEVELAND IS REACHED --

SO YOU GOT
WILLIS! -
GOOD WORK,
SLAM!

GOOD, NOTHING!
THIS WAS THE
PECKIEST ASSIGN-
MENT I EVER
HAD!

NEVER
AGAIN!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER . . .

MAYBE WE
CAN GET SOME
SLEEP NOW!

WE WILL!



COMING...NEXT...ISSUE...

SLAM

BRADLEY

and the

HUMAN FLY

?

HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE EARTH
SLAM ENCOUNTERS THE MOST AMAZING
FOE OF HIS STARTLING CAREER!
INTRODUCED IN THE SAME RELEASE, ALSO,
IS A NEW LAFF-CHARACTER: SHORTY'S
RIVAL!



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